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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

BUSINESS ABROAD

RECENT commercial reports from Europe are unpromising. The latest Swedish trade returns indicate a renewed excess of imports over exports due mainly to an increase in shipment of timber and timber products. Holland's latest trade statistics are also depressing, showing a falling off of both exports and imports and an adverse balance. The monthly bulletin of the Banque Suisse says that Switzerland has never experienced a crisis so serious, so prolonged, or so general as that from which it has been suffering for over a year. As early as September, ten per cent of the population of the canton of Solthurn, which is a great centre for clock making and screw making, were entirely or partly unemployed. The depression has resulted in a certain hostility to foreigners as well as an accentuation of class hatred. The peasants, the industrial workers, and the middle classes are all antagonistic to each other.

In spite of this, exchange remains high, the Swiss franc standing at present even above par with the dollar. Although the country grew rich during the war, and there was a great expansion of bank capital and foreign investments as the result, the losses since the war have been enormous. However, a large amount of idle capital still remains in Switzerland, as a correspondent from that country says: 'Eating its heart out in inactivity.'

In Czechoslovakia, unemployment has become exceedingly serious. The coal mines have been forced to curtail production, furnaces have blown out and thousands of male workers have been dismissed. The budget, it is true, has been nominally balanced by transferring excess expenditures to a so-called 'investment budget' to be met by loans.

One happy effect of the present economic crisis in that country, however, is said to be a betterment in the relations between the German and the Czech citizens of the Republic. This is particularly true of the employing classes, who feel that they must work together in order to avoid a complete wrecking of their fortunes.

According to the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, the recent financial statement of the Polish government shows that its revenues are but one tenth of its expenditures. The monthly output of paper money increased from six billion marks last January to twenty billion marks in October. However, in spite of this, a dollar was worth 6700 Polish marks in Warsaw on September 30 and

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but 2625 marks on November 7. According to a Warsaw correspondent of the *Journal de Genève* this was accomplished largely by treasury manipulations; although the proposed financial reforms of the new cabinet ought to be credited with part of the improvement. Early in October, the minister of finance threw on the market all the dollar, sterling, and franc credits he could procure, thus forcing down foreign exchange. Panic-stricken Polish investors, who had bought foreign securities when the Polish mark was at its lowest point, hastened to unload at any price. The government was able to buy this paper for about one third its value, making a big profit out of the transaction. The result, however, was to dislocate business. The cost of living rose suddenly. Exports stopped. On November 8 there were eleven failures and fourteen suicides in Warsaw. Ten thousand employees have been discharged at Lodz and seventy-eight factories suspended or curtailed operations within one week. Goods are flooding Poland from Germany. On the other side of the ledger, however, stand Poland's magnificent harvests and the recent increase of production from its oil wells.

Italy is suffering from a recrudescence of labor troubles, a serious bank failure, and its inability to compete with German manufacturers in its own market. Signor Orlando recently stated in Parliament that Italy was being reduced to the position of a purely agricultural country with regard to Germany. The cost of labor was double in Italy what it was in Germany. He alleged that Germans were buying up Italian industries and destroying Italian competition. Undoubtedly German goods are flooding the country at prices far below those at which the Italian manufacturers can produce them.

In Germany itself the bank note printing presses have been extraordinarily busy. During the last week of November, almost five billion marks of new notes were issued, a sum which has never been equaled during the course of a single week in any country save Russia. The mark circulation now exceeds one thousand billions. A slight increase in unemployment is noted in Germany, due partly to an extensive strike of metal workers in the Rhine valley.

Great Britain is still struggling with its problem of unemployment, which continues to grow more serious. During the last week of November, the number of claims for benefit under the unemployment insurance act in the Lancashire and Cheshire districts increased by nearly fifteen thousand over the week before. The total number of wholly unemployed in these two districts, on December 1, was 227,797 men and 80,008 women. In the United Kingdom, as a whole, the number of unemployed rose from 1,816,736 on November 18 to 1,832,400 on November 25. However, the total is less than at the highest point last June.

Belgium and Finland are notable exceptions to the generally depressing picture which European industry and commerce present with the approach of winter. In Finland the number of registered unemployed was less than fourteen hundred late in September. Helsingfors, a city of two hundred thousand inhabitants, had only four hundred without work. The budget shows a surplus, and no money has recently been borrowed by the government.

PROFESSOR CASSEL ON DEFLATION

PROFESSOR CASSEL, whose 'Memorandum on the World's Monetary Problems,' laid before the International Financial Conference at Brussels over a year ago, attracted much attention, was invited also to present his

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views on this subject to the Financial Committee of the League of Nations, which he did in a second memorandum last spring.

In his first memorandum Professor Cassel predicted that European exchange would suffer precisely as it has suffered from the independent action of the United States in restoring a gold standard, and urged that serious evils from falling European exchange could be avoided only by the close coöperation of all countries in their currency policies. His present recommendation — now that the evil is done — is to work toward stabilizing the international value of the dollar. This will require aid. The main points in a recent article upon that subject, which he contributed to the *Westminster Gazette*, may be summarized as follows: —

The United States having already resumed gold payments, the dollar may be taken henceforth to represent gold.

The dollar exchange should be stabilized at some definite figure.

The value of gold as against commodities should not be raised.

Throughout the world there is keen expectation that something should be done for the restoration of sound money.

The International Financial Conference at Geneva last September had the problem of stabilization before it, but was not convinced that 'the time was yet ripe.'

One of the most promising starting points is the investigation of the problem of stabilizing the internal value of the dollar.

Speaking of depreciated currencies, Professor Cassel says: —

It is often thought that seriously depreciated monetary standards must be abandoned as altogether unfit for their function. This is not the case. If only the value of the unit has been stabilized, and the prices of all commodities and services have had time to adapt themselves to this new unit, the new money will serve just as the old did. . . . The downward movement of prices has not, as is sometimes assumed, been merely a spontaneous result of forces beyond our control. It is essentially the result of a policy deliberately framed with a view to bringing down prices and giving a higher value to the monetary unit. This policy of deflation has its root in the popular idea that pre-war price-levels are still to be regarded as 'normal,' and that stable economic conditions can be attained only by bringing prices down to the old levels. In most countries, in spite of the enormous fall of prices that has already taken place, we are still far from this end, and there is consequently plenty of room for a continued policy of deflation on such grounds.

VISCOUNT GREY'S REFORM-CLUB SPEECH

VISCOUNT GREY recently delivered a notable address as president of the Manchester Reform Club, in which he presented the attitude of British Liberals toward the great questions of foreign and domestic policy now facing the British Empire. The two supreme issues were Ireland and the Washington Conference. His feeling was one of intense relief at the Irish settlement. He had always been a Home Ruler. He felt that Dominion government was the most acceptable settlement for today. If Ireland now took her place voluntarily and with all good-will as an autonomous member of the British Empire, 'she would be doing it at a moment more favorable than any in previous years, because she would be doing it at a time when the self-governing Dominions had reached the full fruition of independence and freedom within the Empire.' Citing the example of South Africa, he said: 'It was not the mere grant of self-government to South Africa that produced the complete reconciliation that now exists. It was the trial by experience and finding out what the grant of that self-government really means.'

Turning to the Washington Conference, Lord Grey said that it was a be-

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ginning and not an end. The United States was the only country which could advocate a reduction of armaments without exciting suspicion that it was doing so 'simply to save its own back or its own skin.' He regarded the Quadruple Agreement between the United States, Great Britain, France, and Japan as 'a most momentous and favorable departure.' The difficulty with self-determination for China was that just at present that country had neither self nor determination. While China remained in a state of chaos, those countries which had interests there would be drawn into interference. Consequently, there was no immediate alternative but some kind of foreign influence over Chinese affairs. It was much better that this influence should be exercised through the friendly coöperation of the principal Powers having interests there, than by those Powers acting independently.

METALLOGRAPHIC RESEARCH IN GERMANY

VAGUE rumors have reached America of late, to the effect that German scientists have succeeded in producing synthetic gold. Naturally the wholesale production of gold from baser metals would have a decided influence upon world finance. The value of the great gold reserves, especially in the United States, might rapidly shrink, and Germany might be able to meet its reparations payments in yellow coin at the cost of a few thousand tons of transmuted baser metals. However, these fancies are not likely to disturb the business world, though the production of synthetic gold is not beyond the bounds of scientific possibility. All existing precedents indicate that the cost of the synthetic metal will be for a long period to come as great or greater than the cost of the gold we procure from mines.

Be this as it may, the Germans are giving much attention just at present to metallographic research, and a new Kaiser-Wilhelm Institute for Metallographic Research has just been dedicated in Berlin. This institution is equipped with every modern device for the study of metals.

Its director, Professor Heyn, in his inaugural address, reviewed briefly the history of metallography. Within the memory of men still active in this science the principal agency of research was analytical chemistry. It revealed much that was hitherto unknown regarding metals and especially metallurgical processes. But the limitations to its more fruitful service were eventually reached. There succeeded a period when the physical qualities of metals were the main subject of study. Exceedingly refined processes were perfected from investigating the density and the elasticity of metals. Next a wide field of progress was opened through the application of the theories of physical chemistry to metallographic research, especially the periodic law. Advance in this direction was facilitated by contemporary improvements in microscopy as applied to the investigation of metals, which enabled us to study the processes of their crystallization and crystalline structure, and the changes these undergo in the processes of alloying. However, the limitations of optics set a boundary to our progress in that direction. Just then a new instrument for research was granted us in the Roentgen ray, which has enabled us to pierce many of the secrets of the atomic structure of metals. We have also learned much from recent investigations of the inner tension of metallic masses. This is a field the mastery of which is of great technical importance, and promises to throw light upon the

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obscure phenomena which accompany cold forging and drawing. On the whole, the practical and unromantic tasks to which the Institute has addressed itself do not suggest a search for the philosopher's stone.

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ALBERT BALLIN

THE biography of Albert Ballin, of which we print a review in this issue, is attracting wide attention in Germany and a summary of its principal topics has been published in the London *Times*. Referring to the charge that he was very friendly to England, he wrote in a letter to a naval friend in April 1915: —

> I am the only German who is entitled to say that he has been fighting England for thirty years — for primacy in the ocean carrying trade. If I may carry the figure of speech a step further, I have captured one trench after another from them during that period.

Ballin was a prime mover in the dispatch of Bülow to Rome to prevent a war with Italy. He did his utmost to prevent an agreement between England and the United States. In a letter to a German diplomat written in February 1916, he said that for Germany to allow such an agreement to come about would be 'the greatest sin that could be committed against the nation's future.' He lost hope when Germany inaugurated her last submarine campaign. Writing to a high official as early as April 1917, he expressed the fear that revolution having swept over Russia might likewise engulf Germany.

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FISCAL AUTONOMY IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE

THE London *Statist* discusses, in connection with the right to be granted Ireland under the settlement now proposed to control her own trade and commerce, the history and present status of the powers exercised by the different members of the British Empire over trade within its boundaries. New Zealand and Canada have exercised the right to impose tariffs on goods from other colonies and the mother country for three quarters of a century. South Africa and Australia have done the same. As long ago as 1873, the Australian colonies were recognized by the Imperial Government to have the power to shut out Great Britain from intercolonial preference. Even the most strictly governed Crown Colonies can raise tariffs against British goods. Two years ago, fiscal autonomy was granted to India, which now is privileged to discriminate against British manufactures, if it so desires, in its customs legislation. While Ireland may hereafter enjoy all the rights to regulate her own trade which the other autonomous members of the Empire exercise, it does not follow that she will adopt a policy similar to theirs. Great Britain is a principal market for Irish produce; ninety per cent of Ireland's trade is with that country. Presumably self-interest will prevent either people from placing barriers in the way of an uninterrupted exchange of goods with its neighbor.

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ITALY AND RUSSIA

IN a leading article in *Il Giornale d'Italia*, apropos of the recommendation by the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the Italian Parliament that relations be resumed with Soviet Russia, a staff writer observes that the recognition of the Soviet government immediately after the victory of the Entente 'would have contributed to the rapid liquidation of Bolshevism.' He attributes the subsequent economic and social catastrophe in that country to

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the Entente blockade and invasion 'inspired by France.' However, recriminations are now useless. Italy should have a share — it goes without saying, a profitable share — in restoring what has been destroyed. But Italy cannot act alone. Constantinople is still in the hands of the Allies, who can shut the door to Italy's only entrance into Russia. Unless Italy has an open sea route to that country it cannot hope to compete with Germany. The proposed pact between the Italian and the Soviet governments has now been signed, and rumors are current in the European press that France is negotiating a similar agreement through confidential representatives at Riga.

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LEST WE FORGET

Apropos of a lively discussion in the German Socialist press of the Washington Conference, which most of its writers describe as a gathering of Entente capitalists to cut the juicy melon of Eastern Asia, the following quotation appears in *Die Glocke*. It is quoted from the *Jungdeutschland-Post* of January 1913: —

> War is the sublimest and holiest form of human action. . . . For us, too, the grand and glorious hour of battle will strike. . . . We must cherish quietly and deeply in our German hearts the joy of war and the longing for war. . . . Let us laugh in scorn at the old women in men's clothing who fear war and lament that it is cruel and horrible. No. War is beautiful. Its sublime grandeur lifts the human heart high above all earthly things, above every-day cares. In the mansions of the sky sit our heroes: Great Friedrich, Blücher, and our other men of action; the great Kaiser, his Moltke, his Roon, his Bismarck, all are there. And when a battle is fought on the earth below with German weapons, and our valiant dead rise from the bloody field of destiny to heaven, the sentry at its gate proclaims: 'A corporal from Potsdam.' Old Fritz springs from his golden chair and orders the March of Honor played. . . . That is young Germany's kingdom of heaven.

The author who cites this quotation comments that 'this spirit still survives in our universities and among our junkers.' There is good reason to doubt whether, in spite of all their imperialism, such a spirit would be possible in other countries. This is the spirit which the men at Washington are trying to chain.

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COMMUNISM AT OXFORD

Oxford University has recently been forced to face the problem: how far ought undergraduates to be permitted to imbibe and expound extreme social and political opinions at the University. It has recently banished Mr. Arthur Reade, a young student, on account of his Communist opinions — or rather his promulgation of such opinions through a paper which he called *Free Oxford, a Communist Journal of Youth*. His assistant, a Mr. Charles Gray, has not been formally expelled, but has been rusticated for a couple of terms. The journal is reported in the British press to have advocated class war and the destruction of the bourgeoisie in the spirit of Lenin and Trotzky. Both of the young men are under twenty years of age. English newspapers recall in this connection that both Lenin and Shelley were banished from a university.

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IRELAND FROM THE UNION TO THE PEACE

From the *London Times, December* 14
(NORTHCLIFFE PRESS)

[*'The history of Ireland,' it was once said in Parliament, 'is for Englishmen to remember and for Irishmen to forget.' We publish below a summary of the relations between the two countries since the foundation of the* Times *in* 1785.]

THE opening of Parliament this afternoon marks a great and historical day in the long tragic story of the relations between England and Ireland. As the mind travels back over all that has come and gone, since the times of Grattan and Wolfe Tone and Lord Edward FitzGerald, of Fitzwilliam and Cornwallis and the Beresfords, it can find little cause for pride, and none for complacency, on either side. Priests and politicans, Castle and Rebels, Orangemen and Whiteboys, Unionists and Sinn Fein, Catholics and Protestants, statesmen and newspapers, all have blundered, all have misunderstood, and some have stained their minds and hands with crime. Who among us shall cast the first stone?

To-day, the black years of killings and burnings, of the terror by night and the destruction that wasteth at noonday, of injustice and ingratitude, of cruelty and oppression, of the vendettas of religion and race, of 'the old family quarrel,' as the Prime Minister called it, 'which has degenerated many a time into a bloody feud,' have passed away, as we hope, for all time, never to return. For both countries it is a day of thanksgiving, but a day also of humiliation. In that spirit if all unite to bring it about, it should be the dawn of a lasting peace. At Westminster this December afternoon, close to the common national shrine where the Unknown Warrior — English or Irish, Scotch or Welsh — lies buried, King and Parliament will meet, as the people's chosen spokesmen, to ratify the solemn pact to which in effect the great majority of the four races of our British Isles have set their hand. The men who signed it in their name have joined in sinking their individual differences and suspicions and hatreds for the common good. They have listened to the King's exhortation to forgive and forget. By their act, by the very fact of their meeting, they have given to the chiefs and to the rank and file of all parties and all faiths in the two islands a lead which calls upon each one of them, with no exception, to join in the act of common sacrifice, and common trust and faith, which alone can seal such a compact of amnesty.

How has this mighty change come about? To what do we owe the miracle that peace lies at long and at last within our grasp? There are some to whom the agreement is a surrender to the menace of Sinn Fein, the defeat of the forces of law and order by a campaign of violence, anarchy, and crime. That is a false reading of history. This country does not yield to force, though it has often recognized that force may be justly armed.

The present Articles of Agreement are something higher and greater than all the Bills and Acts that have preceded them. They are due, not to intimidation, but to conviction — to conviction born of the Great War. First and foremost, it is the war that has been the great agent in the act of reconciliation. It has changed many things in these islands, and amongst others, we are proud to recall to-day,

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the Irish policy of the *Times* newspaper. And in spite of the cruel provocation of the 1916 rebellion and the months of horror only ended by the truce, it has changed, with respect to Ireland, the mind of the people of Great Britain.

The early files of the *Times* in the last decade of the eighteenth century are full of Irish horrors, of the sufferings of the loyalists and the heavy casualties of the King's troops. The mind of the people of England in those days was bitterly and justifiably antagonistic to the Irish. But there was another side of the question. Wrong begat wrong, cruelty cruelty, and crime crime. When Fitzwilliam came to Dublin as Lord Lieutenant at the beginning of 1795 (appointed by Pitt, who, says Mr. Lecky, 'like most English statesmen, had a very slight and very imperfect knowledge of Irish affairs, and could give them but a small share of his attention') he found 'a shameful want of protection for the lower orders, and a partial and harsh measure of law,' a popular disaffection expressed by daily acts of violence, a Roman Catholic populace suffering under cruel and absurd disabilities (which, even after the reforms of Grattan's Parliament, excluded them from Parliament, from any share in the Government, from the Judicial Bench, and the rank of K.C.), an open system of Parliamentary corruption, and an army of place-seeking permanent officials. It was his determined opposition to one of those Protestant officials, the so-called 'King of Ireland,' the head of the family whose dependents and connections were said to hold 'at least a fourth of all the places in the island,' that led to his recall. With him went all hopes of the promised fulfillment of the Catholic claims, the satisfaction of which might have prevented the Rebellion of 1798.

On the day [wrote Lecky] when the English Government disavowed the acts of their Irish representative, recalled Lord Fitzwilliam, and again brought to the helm the most virulent opponents of the Catholics, a cloud seemed to fall on the spirit of the nation which has never been removed.

Henceforward, the Government speakers never attempted to deny the assertion of their opponents that the Government were steering their bark through corruption, through revived religious animosities, through almost certain rebellion, toward a legislative union.

The rebellion broke out and was suppressed at a cost of over 150,000 Irish and English lives. The Union followed in 1800. The support of the Protestants was gained by the system of bribery and corruption which impelled Cornwallis to write that he despised and hated himself every hour, 'for engaging in such dirty work.' The Catholics were won over by different means: —

A Protestant Union was carried [to quote Mr. Lecky once again] with an understanding that when it was accomplished the Ministry would introduce the measure of Catholic emancipation into an Imperial Parliament. It was this persuasion or understanding that secured the neutrality and acquiescence of the greater part of the Irish Catholics, without which, in the opinion of the best judges, the Union could never have been carried.

The 'understanding' did not materialize till 1829, when the Catholic Emancipation Bill was at last carried a whole generation too late, supported and carried through the House of Lords largely by the efforts of the Duke of Wellington, avowedly as a preferable alternative to civil war. On April 1 1829, in its last two editorial articles on what it called 'this heart-stirring amelioration of British policy,' the *Times* hailed the passing of the Bill the following terms: —

If the Bills for relieving the Catholics and for purifying the elective franchise have not

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yet received the Royal Assent, that is the only step which now remains wanting to constitute these important measures the law of the United Kingdom. He who lives until to-morrow will find the sun where he used to be, though Lord Eldon, on one occasion of his long life a poet, assured us that the sun of England 'would set forever.' Nevertheless, the Englishman who sees to-morrow will receive the light through his windows from the same source and in pretty much the same direction as on yesterday. He will only have the satisfaction of knowing that the great luminary shines alike for his Catholic fellow subject and for him, — that the same breeze will no longer parch the Catholic, while it cools the Protestant and cheers him, — and the Catholic will stand erect beside his Protestant brother instead of crouching at his feet, and resent and punish, as an outrage upon *himself*, what he would formerly have rejoiced in as an insult or a mortification to his determined enemy. What, then, will have wrought this wondrous change? Why, the Royal Assent will, in the course of this day, be given to those Bills.

. . . . . .

While yet struggling for a place among those questions which were to be deemed worthy of a specific notice by Englishmen, and while it was to many spectators more than probable that Ireland, with her grievances, would be but the argument of an hour, this journal saw clear through the vista of political necessities, and took its stand on the solid principle, that nothing short of full and perfect justice would or could ever suffice to tranquilize a people rendered turbulent by oppression.

The Bill for receiving our Catholic brethren within the shelter of the British Constitution became yesterday the law of the land.

The passing of the Bill was immediately followed by the Tithe War. There were over 6,000,000 Catholics in the island, and about an eighth of that number in the Established Protestant Episcopal Church. In 1830 the larger body revolted against the law by which they were compelled to pay tithes for the upkeep of the smaller; many lives were sacrificed in the consequent encounters between them and the forces of the Crown, and the bloody struggle lasted for five years, till Thomas Drummond, the new Under-Secretary, put an end to it by refusing to allow soldiers and police to enforce the collection of the tithe. Three years later the Tithe Commutation Act was passed, chiefly owing to the exertions of O'Connell and Peel's fears of another rebellion. Its only real effect was to exact the tithe from the landlords, who responded by adding it to the rents, and it was not till 1869 that the Protestant Church was disestablished and the remaining cause of the animosity between Catholics and Protestants finally removed.

The six years from 1835 to 1841 of comparative tranquillity under the Melbourne Government, and the five years of O'Connell's unsuccessful movement for the constitutional repeal of the Union, were followed, after the horrors of the great famine in 1846 (when a fund for the relief of the suffering peasantry was raised by the *Times*), by the rising of the Young Irelanders in 1848, soon after the suppression of which the agitation for the reform of the land laws began in 1850. For 20 years the land question, the struggle between landlord and tenant, was mismanaged as badly as the fight between Catholics and Protestants before it. One after the other all the Bills introduced with the object of giving security of tenure to the tenant came to nothing, and even the Land Act of 1870, passed after several years of Fenian agitation, did not, in the case of bad landlords, put an end to unjust evictions.

For all that it was a fine and constructive measure. It was acclaimed in the *Times* in the following terms: —

Mr. Gladstone's Bill is without doubt the most considerable proposal of constructive legislation that has been presented to Parliament since 1832. We frankly confess that

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the Bill exceeds our anticipations. We may be permitted to say that we long ago indicated the lines upon which it is drawn; but in a design of such extent and complexity there must ever be present a fear, until the construction is completed, that the hand will falter in some part of the work. The present Bill dispels such fears. We adopt, without reserve, the words used by Mr. Bright, 'I think it a just and comprehensive measure.'

More rejected Land Bills in the early seventies led to the formation of the Land League, and in the days of Parnell, the agitation was carried on by crime and outrage. The Land League was admittedly, even in the eyes of Irishmen who were in close sympathy with its political objects, one of the most lawless and violent organizations that have ever existed in any country. In Parnell, who entered Parliament in 1875, and four years later had become a dominating force both there and in the country, it possessed a chief of exceptional political talent and one undeviating aim. With this aim in view he kept Ireland for years in a state of open revolution, deliberately defying the Government and the law. He was, with all his faults, not only the greatest of Irish agitators, but a great man, and, with the possible exception of O'Connell, the outstanding figure in the Irish history of the nineteenth century. When the great Land Act of 1881 did at last show that Parliament was alive to the gravity of the situation and the injustice of the conditions to which it put an end, it was to Parnell that its conception and passing were mainly due.

The general impression on fair-minded men [said the *Times*] will be that if the measure passes in the form in which it has been brought in by Mr. Gladstone, it will not give the owners of landed property in Ireland any serious cause for complaint, while it will satisfy every legitimate claim that can be urged on behalf of the Irish people.

From that moment, in spite of a further period of lawlessness and violence which kept Ireland in a state of revolution till 1884, it may be claimed that the attitude of Parliament toward Ireland underwent a great change for the better. Irish affairs and the Irish vote were still too often and too generally treated as pawns in the game of British party politics, and Parnell and his followers, by their obstructive tactics and every other means in their power, encouraged and almost forced the parties to carry on a political campaign which was not distinguished for the purity of its methods or its manœuvres. Gladstone himself may not inconceivably have been swayed by considerations of the value of the Irish vote when he first became a Home Ruler and introduced his first Home Rule Bill in 1886. But after its rejection by the House of Commons, during the period between then and 1893, when his second Home Rule Bill was defeated in the House of Lords, the earnestness of his convictions and his purpose had a great effect in influencing all his contemporaries to take a much more serious and honest view of the whole Irish question than had ever before been the case. Both those who supported the Home Rule movement, started by Isaac Butt in 1870, and those who opposed it, were sincere in their motives, and prepared to make sacrifices for what they believed to be the real good of the United Kingdom and the Empire. That was a very marked advance on the previous history of the nineteenth century, and Mr. Gerald Balfour's Irish Local Government Act of 1898 and George Wyndham's Irish Land Purchase Act of 1903, were both of them fine and statesmanlike measures which went far to remove the bitterness of the past, and to show to Irishmen that Unionists, even in their determined opposition to the principle of Home Rule, did not, even when the

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controversy was at its height, lose sight of the rights and the wrongs of the Irish people.

In later days — since the war and the King's speech at Belfast — the great bulk of them, in the Lords as well as in the Commons, have become Home Rulers far more advanced and liberal in their ideas than Gladstone himself. When the Unionist Party was first formed, those of them who were Liberals made the great sacrifice of leaving their party, of putting before their party views their conviction of what was right for the State. Since then, Liberals and Conservatives alike, they have made a still greater sacrifice and shown even finer courage. They have dared, from the same high motives, to brave the unfounded suspicion and accusation of having changed their minds only under the impulse of intimidation, of yielding to outrage and violence what they would never have granted to constitutional pressure.

Two years after the passing of his Land Act Mr. Wyndham's career as Chief Secretary, in spite of the fine work which he had done in helping to settle the Irish difficulty, came to an end. He was driven to resign his post by the influence of those Unionists who feared the results of the theory of Devolution which had taken root in one section of the party. The remaining years till 1912, when Mr. Asquith introduced the third Home Rule Bill, were marked by the growing power of Sinn Fein and its gradual alienation from the old Nationalist Party, and by Ulster's preparations to put herself in a strong defensive position against possible attack. The Bill on its appearance was criticized in the *Times* as 'a Bill which is intended to pass, not to work.'

> If we look [the leading article continued] beneath the surface to the essential merits of the scheme, we can imagine none better devised to produce the *maximum* of friction, irritation, and confusion, with the *minimum* of appeasement. The Bill may secure for a time a measure of acquiescence from the Home Rule sections, but no one can pretend it has even a semblance of finality as a settlement of the Irish question.

These words were prophetic. In January 1913, three months after the signing of the Covenant in Ulster, the Bill passed its third reading, but was rejected in the Lords, and met the same fate on its reintroduction in the same year, and again in 1914, except that at the third time of asking the Lords, after reading it a first time, returned the Amending Bill to the Commons. A week later, on July 21, the King summoned a conference of party leaders to Buckingham Palace, in order to try to arrive at some common agreement. When that hope had failed, and Mr. Asquith had announced on July 31 that the second reading of the Amending Bill would be postponed on account of the grave news from abroad, all parties agreed in approving his action. A question more serious than Home Rule had arisen. It was urgently necessary to close the ranks. The controversy between the parties as to the proper course to pursue was brought to an end on September 17, when the Home Rule Bill received the Royal Assent, though, by the suspensory Act, it was not to come into operation until twelve months from the date of its passing, or, if the war were not then ended, until some further date to be fixed by an Order in Council.

That date was, however, destined never to arrive. In Easter week in the third year of the war came the Sinn Fein outbreak in Dublin; in July 1917, Mr. Lloyd George, who had succeeded Mr. Asquith as Premier, set up the Irish Convention, which nearly, but not quite, succeeded in formulating a scheme of self-government for the country; in 1918, after the General

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Election, the whole of the Sinn Fein members refused to attend the sittings at Westminster; and in 1919 they proclaimed an Irish Republic, under the title of Dail Eireann. Meanwhile all through this year and in 1920, when Mr. Lloyd George introduced a new Home Rule Bill, repealing the Act of 1914, the state of crime and anarchy and terrorism grew steadily worse, in spite of the proclamation of martial law and the dispatch to the island of a very large body of troops. When the Home Rule Bill, which set up separate Parliaments for Ulster and the rest of Ireland, was passed, the Irish of the South and West, under the influence of the Sinn Fein leaders, refused to carry out its provisions, and it was only with reluctance that it was accepted by Ulster. Matters, apparently, had come to an absolute deadlock, till the King's speech at Belfast suddenly altered the whole situation by proving that the Government were entering on a new policy. From that moment hope revived, and the series of conferences between the Government and the Sinn Fein leaders began, of which the present Articles of Agreement are the happy outcome.

The Irish Free State is in the throes of birth to-day; and, whether Ulster elects to join it on her own conditions or to hold aloof, the long and tragic chapter of Irish history, which is contemporary with the existence of the *Times* newspaper, is closing forever. Ireland and all her friends look to the new dawn with hope, confidence, and faith.

MEDITATIONS ON THE CONFERENCE

BY ODYSSEUS

From *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, November* 20
(Berlin Hugo Stinnes Conservative Daily)

Many are the forms which the great historical struggles between nations and between classes assume. Their motive is always the same — to secure power; but the way in which the contestants conceive the issues between them are manifold. The English fought their Revolution of 1648 in the robes of ancient Hebrews; and the leaders of the new Roundhead bourgeoisie, at that time just rising to ascendancy, borrowed their war cries from the Prophets. Were we to listen to their words and to shut our eyes to their acts, those champions of British liberty might seem to be so many Abrahams, Isaacs, Jacobs, and Aarons.

On the other hand France played the historic rôles of its great Revolution in the costumes of ancient Greeks and Romans. No bloody act was perpetrated, no execution occurred, without heroic mouthings about Cato, Seneca, Lycurgus, or Solon. It was as though men were ashamed of treading the stage of history in their simple bourgeois garb, and therefore donned the historic costumes of the past. They never

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quite avoided, however, exposing the ass's ears under the borrowed lion skin of Hercules.

In our days, the battle for supremacy is no longer fought in the mantles of the Prophets or in the chlamys or toga of Greece and Rome. But our passion for mummery is as strong as ever, though it takes a different form. In the fight for power, for which the ring has just been cleared at Washington, every contestant wears a humanitarian disguise. Each bears on his bannerets such designs as 'World Peace! Disarmament! Justice!' The watchword of the French Terrorist in 1793 was: Virtue shall reign through terror. The watchword of our modern Imperialists is: *Terror shall reign through virtue.*

It is unnecessary to say that neither in Washington nor in Paris and London is all this mere hypocrisy. Indeed, the conviction and candor with which these ideas are advanced and defended by their champions lend its psychological attraction and historical interest to the present Washington performance. Furthermore, it is no mere accident that the grand battle for power of the twentieth century should be fought out in the youngest of the capitalist countries, America, whose people are still graced with a delightful, primitive, not to say childlike, psychology, which induces them to believe piously and sincerely in the truth of political catchwords. America is a land which has neither the overlearned classes we have in Germany, nor the cool and selfishly calculating classes they have in England, nor the petty avaricious classes which are typical of France. To put it briefly, America is the only capitalistic country left that is naïve enough still to cherish an ideology corresponding to that of England in the seventeenth century and of France in the eighteenth century. It is the only country whose men still retain their faith in the higher purpose of political revolution. That faith is the gift of youth.

Moreover the Old World must be made to realize that America is actually in the midst of a true revolution. The Great War suddenly, and for all time to come, jolted the American people out of their traditional isolation and set them face to face with new problems of which they did not even dream when the war began. The nation was forced to create a merchant marine, a powerful navy, and, last of all, an army. She has been transformed from a debtor nation to the principal creditor nation of the world. She has expanded her machinery for production until new export markets have become a vital necessity; and she has accomplished this just at the time when her largest markets, which were in Europe, have been converted, with her own help, into a field of ashes.

This situation has forced America to turn with redoubled interest to the problems of the Orient and to her relations with Japan. But Japan and England are bound together, and America unexpectedly discovers herself the involuntary centre of a new constellation of powers, from which she would be only too happy to keep free. Washington might well address the half-reproachful query to its fate which Goethe addressed to his Lili: —

Warum ziehst du mich unwiderstehlich,
Ach, in jene Pracht?
War ich, guter Junge, nicht so selig
In der öden Nacht?

(Why so resistlessly draw me
Into your brilliant light?
Was I not happy and harmless
Out in the lonely night?)

Naturally, this sudden rise in America's world standing has stirred tremendously the national consciousness and confidence of her young and self-reliant people. But that is the spirit

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any nation summoned to a mighty destiny must have, when it enters upon its great task in history. Compare with it the timid, petty-bourgeois mood of our German people, in whom the world lost faith because they did not have faith in themselves. America, like every other nation called upon to play so lofty a rôle, will inevitably have an unhappy 'morning after,' — especially when the full effects of its new place in world-politics begin to produce sharp domestic conflicts between classes and races. But, for the time being, that is overlooked. Just now America feels herself the high legislator of the world and congratulates herself: My yoke is easy and my burdens are light. She seeks to bestow on the world the blessings of happiness, disarmament, peace on earth and goodwill to men, as it was and ever shall be, Hallelujah!

We must not doubt the utter sincerity of the American people in their desire for peace and disarmament. Consequently it is both political folly and false to the facts, to call the Washington Conference a 'disarmament comedy.' At the same time, we should keep clearly in mind that this peace ideology is only the rope that rings the arena where a mighty fight for world power is taking place. A Marxian would say: 'This peace programme is only the chrysalis in which America is to pass through her transition from the grubdom of comparative international obscurity to brilliant and powerful world leadership.' In America's eyes every opponent of her supremacy is regarded not so much as a political enemy as an enemy of those ideals of peace and freedom which her people champion. That attitude toward the world fits the most resolute and promising nation of our era as perfectly as Calvinism and predestination fitted the English of three hundred years ago, when they took their first tottering steps toward world supremacy.

If we pause a moment to compare the joyous ease and intrepidity with which America approaches the Washington Conference, with the attitude of the other powers, the contrast strikes us at once. There stands wise, old, calculating, and skeptical England, bowed down with a thousand cares, burdened with the tremendous responsibility of protecting the peace and prosperity and security of an empire that spans the entire globe. She did not seek the initiative here, and contents herself for the time being with weighing and approving from her own point of view what America proposes. Yonder stands ever-smiling Japan, the silent bronze of the Orient, who comes to the Conference, as Germany came to Versailles, with the mark, 'world criminal,' on his brow. He has come to receive his sentence, and conceals his embarrassment under a flood of courteous and obliging phrases. Farther back stands France, the Shylock of world politics, with the intrusive and petty bourgeois manners of a usurer and war profiteer. France is interested only to have her drafts accepted, to destroy the unity of Germany, and to establish her hegemony over Europe.

These three powers and the United States are the only active partners in the new political era. Even in that small group, France ranks close to Italy as a power of second rank. The other governments present are mere cannon fodder for their stronger neighbors. China brings an astoundingly comprehensive programme of reform to surprise the world — although it is whispered behind the curtains that the English and Americans were its real authors.

One absentee cannot be passed over without remark. It is of the utmost

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historical significance that Bolshevist Russia did not become the booty of the Entente. That fact makes the Entente world order — already an economic fiasco — a mere political torso. So long as Russia remains an independent power, the world supremacy of the Allied and Associated Powers is a mere phantom. Since it is impossible to subdue Soviet Russia either by arms or by famine, its enemies have tried to ruin it by slander. . . . To-day the idea of military subjugation has been relinquished, especially since the Bolshevist programme has been radically modified in response to the revival of the Nationalist spirit in that country. Capitalism is to come back and the cleverest pens of the Bolsheviki are now busy making it clear to their comrades in other countries that this is really only Communism in a different form. . . . However, the Entente prefers to keep Soviet Russia waiting without as long as possible, like Henry IV in his penance gown in the courtyard at Canossa. America did not invite that country to the Conference. Moreover Radek and Trotzky are not Christians after the American mind. The ideology of pacifism, as the Americans conceive it, is in direct conflict with the ideology of Bolshevism. An odd spectacle indeed! World-conquering Imperialism wears the garb of peace, and Bolshevism, preaching world fraternity, bears a sword!

THE UNION OF CULTURES

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

From the *Modern Review, November*
(CALCUTTA LITERARY AND CURRENT-AFFAIRS MONTHLY)

IT cannot but be admitted that this is a day of victory for the people of the West. The world is theirs to draw upon as they please and their stores are overflowing. We are left standing at a distance, agape, watching our share growing less and less; and with the fire of our hunger blazes the fire of our wrath. We wish we could have the opportunity of getting hold of the man who has been eating our share of the food. But so far he has got hold of us, and the opportunity still remains in his hands, and has not reached us at all.

But why does the chance not come to us? Why is the enjoyment of the earth's plenty for them alone? Surely because of some underlying truth. It is not a case of banding ourselves together in a particular way so as to be able to deprive them and provide for ourselves. The matter is not quite so simple as that. It is mere folly to expect to get the locomotive under control by hitting the driver on the head: for it is not the man but his science which makes the engine go. So the fire of our wrath will not serve the purpose; we must acquire the requisite science, if we covet the boon which Truth has in her gift.

It is like a father with two sons. The father drives his own motor-car and

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has promised it to the son who learns first how to drive. One of the sons is alert and full of curiosity. His eye is always on the driving to see how it is done. The other one is excessively good-natured. His reverent gaze is always on his father's face. He pays no regard to what the hands are doing with lever and wheel. The clever one soon picks up the science of motor driving, and one fine day he drives off all by himself, with exultant toots of the horn. So absorbed does he become in the joy of his new acquisition that he forgets even the existence of his father. But the father does not punish him for the liberty he is taking, nor take the car away from him; for he is pleased that his son should succeed. The other son, when he sees his brother careering madly over his fields, playing havoc with his corn, dare not stand in the way to protest, even in the name of their father; for that would mean certain death. So he keeps his gaze fixed on his father's face, saying that this is all in all to him.

But whoever contemns the useful, saying he has no use for it, simply courts suffering. Every utility has its rightful claim, the ignoring of which entails a permanent slavery in the way of payment of interest until its dues are fully met. The only way to get rid of the schoolmaster's importunity is to do one's lessons properly.

There is an outside aspect of the world where it is simply an immense machine. In this aspect, its laws are fixed and do not yield by a hair's breadth either this way or that. This mechanical world gets in our way at every step; and he who, through laziness or folly, tries to evade its laws, does not succeed in cheating the machine, but only himself. On the other hand, he who has taught himself its working is able not only to avoid its obstruction, but to gain it for an ally, and so is enabled to ride swiftly over the paths of the material world. He reaches the place of his quest first, and has his fill of the good things there. But those who have lagged behind, jogging along unaided, arrive late to find very little left over for themselves.

Since these are the facts, merely to revile the science by which Westerners have gained their victory in the modern world, will not tend to relieve our sufferings, but will rather add to the burden of our sins. For this science which the West has mastered is true. If you say, it is not their science, but their satanic abuse of it to which you object, that point need not disturb us; for we may be certain that the satanic part of it will be the death of them, because Satan's way is not true.

The beasts live if they get food, and die if they get hurt. They accept what comes, without question. But one of the greatest traits of man is his habit of protesting. Unlike the beast, he is a rebel by nature. Man has achieved his glorious position in the history of the world because he has never been able to accept as final what has been imposed upon him without his concurrence or coöperation. In short, man is by no means a mild creature only; he is ever in revolt. From the beginning of his career, man has sworn to sway the world of events. How? By conquering it, or else coming to an understanding with the forces of which it is the resultant. He will never be content to be merely a fact; he needs must be a factor. He began with magical practices, because at first it seemed to him that whatever was happening was due to some wonderful magic at work behind the scenes. He felt that he also could take a hand in it, if he could but master the art. The activities which began as magic ended in science, but the motive in both cases has been the refusal to be subservient to the blind forces of nature. Those whose efforts were suc-

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cessful attained the mastery over the material world, and were no longer its slaves.

The belief in universal, immutable laws is the basis of science, and loyalty to this belief has led to victory. Secure in this loyalty, the people of the West are winning their way through the obstructions and difficulties of the material world. But those who have held on to a lingering faith in magic have failed to acquire control over the world's mechanism, and are being defeated at every turn. At a time when we were still busy invoking the exorciser against ill and the fortune-teller against poverty and misfortune, while we were content to seek protection against smallpox from Sitala Devi, and relied on charms and spells for the destruction of our enemies, in Europe a woman asked Voltaire whether it was true that incantations could kill a flock of sheep. She got the reply that doubtless they could, provided there was enough arsenic. I do not mean that there is no belief in magic in any corner of Europe to-day; but certainly belief in the efficacy of arsenic is universal. That is why they can kill when they want to, and we have to die even when we do not.

It is a platitude to be saying to-day that the phenomenal world is only a manifestation of universal law, and that, through the law of reason, we realize the laws of the material world. It is because we know such power to be inherent in us, that we can take our ultimate stand on our own selves. But he who, in his commerce with the universe, cannot get rid of the habit of looking to accidental interventions, tends to rely on anything and everything except himself. One who doubts that his intelligence will avail, ceases to question, or to experiment. He casts about for some external master, and as a result is exploited, right and left, beginning with police officers and ending with malaria-breeding mosquitoes. Cowardliness of intellect is a fertile source of feebleness of power.

From what period did political liberty begin to evolve in the West? In other words, when did the people of the West begin to realize that political power was not the privilege of special individuals or classes, but depended on their own consent? It was from the time that their pursuit of Science freed them from nameless fears, and they discovered that only those laws were true which could not be distorted or diverted by anyone's whim or fancy.

Giant Russia was so long the slave of her Tsars, because her people relied in every matter on Providence and not on their own powers. Even now, when her Tsar is gone that power which has taken his place is but dragging her through a sea of blood to the barren shore of starvation. The reason is that self-rule cannot be established through outside agency, but must be based on that self-reliance which is born of trust in one's own intellect.

I was once engaged in trying to improve one of our Bengal villages. There had been a fire and I asked the villagers how it was they had not been able to save a single homestead. 'It was our fate!' they exclaimed. 'Not fate,' said I, 'but the lack of wells. Why not make wells?' 'That will be as the master pleases,' was the reply. So it comes to pass that the people, whose homesteads are gutted by fate and whose wells await the master's pleasure, may lack all else but never a master.

From the very beginning God has given us Swarajya in His universe. That is to say, He has given us for ourselves universal laws independent of Himself. We cannot be prevented from bringing these under our control by anyone or anything except our own folly. So the Upanishad has it, that God has given us laws for our own ma-

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terial provisions, immutable for all time. That is to say, those laws hold good for all people, and all periods, and all occasions. Had this not been so, man would have remained weakly dependent on God at every step, all his energies exhausted in propitiating now this intermediary, now the other, in a chronic state of abject fear. But our God-given Magna Charta of Swaraj sets us forever free from the wiles of all pretending intermediaries — with our freedom firmly based on well-ordered and enduring laws. In the glowing letters of sun, moon, and stars, God gives us his message: 'You have no need of my help at every turn in the material world. I stand aside. On the one hand, you have the laws of matter; on the other, the laws of your mind. Use them together, and grow in greatness. The empire of the universe is yours; yours its wealth, yours its armory of forces. May yours be the victory!'

He who accepts this charter of material Swaraj has the opportunity to achieve all other kinds of Swaraj and also to keep them when achieved. But those who surrender their intellect to the slave-driver have no help but to be slaves in politics as well. Those who insist on invoking masters, where God Himself has refrained from asserting His own mastery, those who court insult where God has granted them dignity — their self-rule will certainly mean rule after rule, the only doubt being as to that little prefix 'self.'

The science of material existence is in the keeping of the professors of the West. This is the science which gives us food and clothing, health and longevity, and preserves us from the attacks of matter, brute, and barbarian. This is the science of the unchangeable laws of matter, and self-rule can only be achieved when these are brought into harmony with the laws of our mind. There is no other way.

Let us consider the case of a departure from this truth. Take the idea that, if a Mussulman draws water from the well of a Hindu, the water becomes impure. This is a confusion indeed! For, water belongs to the world of matter, and impurity to the realm of the spirit. Had it been said, that if the Hindu contemns the Mussulman, this shows the impurity of his mind, the proposition would have been intelligible, it would be wholly a spiritual question. But when impurity is imputed to the Mussulman's vessel, then that which belongs to the category of the material is taken entirely outside the scope of material laws. The intellect is defrauded of its legitimate scope. The Hindu disciple of the West will urge that this imputation of impurity is only a religious way of promulgating a sanitary doctrine. Sanitation, however, takes no account of moral purity. The answer is given us: 'But it is only put thus in order to induce people who have no faith in Science to obey its laws.' This is not a right reply. For if external compulsion be once brought in, it comes to stay. Those for whom it is made necessary lose all initiative of their own and get into the habit of depending on injunctions. Furthermore, if truth has to be bolstered up by untruth, it ends by getting smothered. By using the phase 'morally impure' where 'physically unclean' is meant, truth is made difficult of apprehension. Whether a thing is unclean or not can be proved. And if uncleanliness be the charge, a comparative inquiry into the vessels and wells of Hindu and Moslem should be made, and we should find out if there is anything less sanitary in the Moslem water arrangements than in those of the Hindu. Uncleanliness itself being an external fault, it can be remedied by external means. But an allegation of impurity takes the question out of the jurisdiction of the ordi-

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nary mind, and makes it a matter of religion. Is that a sound method of achieving the desired object? To keep the intellect in a state of delusion cannot be the way to attain high moral excellence. Untruth from the teacher, together with blindness in the pupil, will never create a spiritually healthy society.

So if we call Western Science 'impure,' merely because it was discovered in the West, we shall not only be unable to master it, but shall also be placing in a bad light that Eastern Science which teaches of moral purity.

Here I am apprehensive of another argument. Many will ask whether, when the West was still savage, clothed in skins and living by hunting, we in the East had not been able to feed and clothe ourselves. When they fared forth merely for plunder, had we not evolved a political commonwealth? Certainly, we were then far more advanced than the West. But the reason was that, in those days, we in the East had a superior knowledge of Science and its laws. We had then the knowledge of cultivation and weaving. That scientific knowledge went far further than mere skill in hunting which the West then possessed. It requires more science to conduct a stable government than to hunt wild beasts. How then did the parts become reversed? It was not by any trick of fate. It was by no luck or magic. Rather it was due to the West's learning the same Science which the East had learnt before, and to a still more useful purpose. Therefore, it is not by looking to some external force that we can now compete with the West. We can resist their onslaught only if we make their Science our own. To say this implies that the greatest of our problems in India is the problem of Education.

But at this point in the argument, I have to answer the further question, whether I have found satisfaction in that aspect of power which the West is now presenting to mankind. My answer would be, 'No.' What I saw did not satisfy me. The picture was that of self-aggrandizement, not that of happiness. For seven months at a stretch I have lived in the giant's Castle of Wealth, in America. Through my hotel window, skyscrapers frowned on me. They only made me think of the difference between Lakshmi, the Goddess of Grace, who transmutes wealth into well-being, and the ugly god Mammon, who represents the spirit of insensate accumulation. The process of piling up has no ultimate end in view. Twice two are four, twice four are eight, twice eight are sixteen, the figures leap frog-like over increasing spans. He who is obsessed by their stride becomes intoxicated by it and revels in the glory of mere multiplication. But, what oppressiveness it produces in the mind of an onlooker, I can best explain by an analogy.

Once I was in a house-boat on the brimming autumn river, seated at the window on the eve of the full moon. Not far off, moored alongside the bank, there was an up-country cargo boat, whose crew were enthusiastically engaged in entertaining themselves. Some of them had tom-toms, others had cymbals; none of them had a voice; but all of them had muscles beyond any possibility of question! And the beats of their clanging sped on from double-quick to quadruple-quick time, with the stimulus of its own frenzy. Ten o'clock passed, eleven o'clock passed; it was well on toward midnight, yet they would not stop. Why should they? Had there been a song, there would have been some natural pause. Anarchic rhythm, on the other hand, has movement, but no rest: excitement, but no satisfaction. Those rhythm-maniacs on the cargo boat had

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no doubt that they were scaling the topmost heights of enjoyment. But what of poor me?

I was much in the same plight over there on the other side of the Atlantic. The crescendo of their rhythmic advance like a wilderness of bricks and mortar was obvious. But where was the song? That was the burdening question. And standing before the forbidding might of their towering opulence, the son of indigent down-trodden India was left cold, murmuring—'What then?'

I am not for emptiness, in the garb of renunciation. External restraint is true, only when it is the expression of internal fullness—just as time and tune are kept properly regulated because the artist is full of his song. Unmitigated noise has no occasion for disciplined restraint. If there be the truth called Love, at the heart, enjoyment must be restrained, service must be true, that is to say, such a process of realization needs the spirit of charity to help it. The renunciation which is in the chastity of love is the true renunciation. The union of the Goddess of Plentitude with the God who needs no wealth is the true union.

When I was in Japan, the spirit of old Japan gave me a profound pleasure. Old Japan had found Beauty reigning on the lotus throne of her heart. In her dress and ornament, in her dwellings and furniture, in her work and play, in her rites and ceremonials, she expressed in various forms the One who is beauty. Utter penury is as unmeaning as lavish profusion. The spirit of old Japan represented neither, but rather the fullness of perfection. Such fullness makes man's heart hospitable,—its passion is for welcome and not for rejection. Side by side with the old, I have also seen the modern Japan. Here the spirit of the rhythm-maniac has assumed control, and its din mocks the moonlight.

By all this, I do not mean that railways and telegraphs are not needed. They have their use, but not their message. Where man has needs, he must furnish himself with materials; but where he has fullness, there is manifest his immortality. Man's envy and hatred are in the region of his material needs, the region where he is in want. Here he erects his barricades and maintains his guards. Here he is for self-aggrandizement and for the exclusion of others. But where he is immortal he displays, not things, but his soul. He invites all to enter. His distribution does not mean diminution; and so peace reigns.

When Europe was opening out the mystery chambers of the Universe with the keys of Science, she found at every step fixed laws. And their constant presence in her field of vision ever since has caused her to forget that there is something more behind these laws, which has its harmony of delight in accord with our complete humanity. By the help of natural laws we achieve success, but man aspires to gain something greater than success. The laws which the tea-garden manager imposes on his coolies, if well devised, tend to increase his output. But where the manager's friends are concerned, he does not dream of efficient laws. In dealing with his friends he does not increase his output; he spends his tea in entertainment. It is well to believe in the laws which make for efficiency. But if ever it is believed that the truth of friendship is not a part of an infinite truth, then that belief tends to destroy our humanity itself. We cannot make friends with a machine. Therefore, if we cease to be aware of anything beyond mechanism, then our personality, which is ever seeking its own affinity in other persons, finds no permanent refuge. The West, in its one-sided pursuit of Science, has been steadily thrusting

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personality further and further into the background till hardly any room has been left for it. If our own one-sided spiritual tendency of mind has made us lose our way and left us stranded in the quagmire of weakness and poverty, the limping gait of the West has taken it no nearer, from its own side, to humanity's goal.

True, it is difficult to cope with those who consistently keep to the tea-garden-manager outlook on the universe; for they have enlisted the services of the genie of efficiency. The good-natured man invariably gets caught by their recruiters, and once in their net, there is no escape. He has no conception of the value of fixed laws of the world. He insists on pinning his faith just where he should not, whether it be on the unluckiness of Thursday, the virtue of talismans, the trustworthiness of touts, or the honesty of tea-garden recruiters. But even the most helplessly good-natured man has a place beyond the reach of laws, where he can take his stand and say: 'God grant I may never be born, despite my trials and troubles, to be a tea-garden manager!'

And yet the tea-garden manager also has his own methods of benevolence. He makes sanitary dwellings for his coolies, soundly and symmetrically built, and his arrangements for their supplies are admirable. But this non-human benevolence is but an appendage of efficiency. It helps to increase the profits; it bestows a kind of benefit upon the human tools. But from that springs not even a fraction of true happiness.

Let no one imagine that I am referring to the relations between the Western masters and their Eastern servants only. The undue stress laid on the mechanical side of the world, both in external and internal relations, has similarly created a split in the polity of the West. If the mechanical bonds of association be made into a fetish, the living bonds of voluntary fellowship slacken. And this, in spite of the fact that these mechanical bonds make for extraordinary mechanical efficiency. Commodities multiply, markets spread, tall buildings pierce the sky. Not only so, but in education, healing, and the amenities of life, man also gains real success. That is because the machine has its own truth. But this very success makes the man who is obsessed by its mechanism hanker for more and more mechanism. And as his greed continually increases, he has less and less compunction in lowering man's true value to the level of his own machine.

Greed is not an ideal — it is a passion. Passion cannot create. So when any civilization gives the first place to greed, the soul relation between man and man is severed; and the more luxurious such a civilization grows in pomp and power, the poorer it becomes in truth of soul. A picture is a creation, because it is the harmony of many lines, related to one another. An engineer's plan is not a picture, because the lines there are bound to each other by some external necessity. When greed of success is the main nexus between man and man, Society becomes a huge plan and ceases to be a picture of the ideal. Man's spiritual relations are lost sight of; money becomes the prime mover; the capitalist the driver; and the rest of mankind merely the fuel for the running of the machine. It is possible to measure the value of such civilization in terms of the speed of its progress. But man, at the bottom of his heart, does not worship Mammon, and so has no real happiness in the triumphal progress of his car. Because his faith in Mammon is wanting, the cords, by which man is bound to Mammon's service, are not bonds of loyalty, but shackles. And man ever revolts when he feels himself shackled. The dark

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clouds of this social revolt lower only too dismally over the West. There the union, devised for exploitation, has ended in disruption. In India the union, imposed by customary rule, has resulted in emasculation. Because traditional customs and professional dealings are not ideals, therefore they make their arrangements by keeping man's soul out of the account.

What is the ideal? Jesus Christ said: 'I and my Father are one.' Here is one ideal. 'My unity with my father,' is a true unity. But the unity of the coolie with the manager is not true. Again a great ideal has been given utterance to in the Isha Upanishat. 'All that moves in this moving world is enveloped by God. Therefore enjoy by renunciation; never covet others' possessions.' I have already referred in terms of condemnation to the greed which has become the dominant motive in the West. Why do we condemn it? The Rishi tells us the reason — 'Do not covet.' Why should we not covet? Because truth cannot be obtained through greed. But if I say, 'I want my enjoyment rather than truth.' Well, the Rishi also says, 'Enjoy.' But there can be no enjoyment outside truth. What then is the truth? It is this: 'All that moves in this moving world is enveloped by God.' Had 'all that moves in the world' been itself the ultimate truth, then to keep piling up would have been the best thing to do; and greed would have been the most efficient of man's virtues. But the truth being this, that God is there, enveloping all things, we have to enjoy this truth with our soul, and for such enjoyment renunciation is needed, not greed. During my seven months' stay in America, the land of mountain-high piles of lucre, I have watched this striving in the reverse direction. There, 'all that moves in this moving world' has become prominent. God, who 'envelops all things' has become obscured in the thick dust of dollars. Therefore, in America, the injunction to enjoy is not observed with the help of truth, but with the help of money. Truth gives us Unity. Money sets up separation. Furthermore, it keeps our soul empty. Therefore, it causes in us a hankering to fill that emptiness from outside, and we pursue the path of multiplying numbers in hot haste. While our desire runs at a break-neck pace, jumping from one figure to another in the multiplication table, we grow dizzy and forget that whatever else we may have been acquiring, it is not happiness.

Our Rishis have told us that satisfaction is only to be found in the One. Apples fall one after another. The truth about their falling cannot be arrived at by counting them: arithmetical progression marches on indefinitely and the mind turns away unsatisfied from each fresh enumeration, saying: 'What does it all mean?' But when innumerable falls find their unity in the principle of gravitation, the intellect at last finds satisfaction and can say: 'Enough, I have found the truth.'

And what of the truth of Man? It is not in the Census Report, not in an interminable series of figures. Man is expressed, says the Upanishad, when he realizes all creation in himself and himself in all creation. Otherwise his truth is obscured. There is a telling example of this in our history. When the Lord Buddha realized humanity in a grand synthesis of unity, his message went forth to China as a draught from the fountain of immortality. But when the modern empire-seeking merchant, moved by his greed, refused allegiance to this truth of unity, he had no qualms in sending to China the deadly opium poison, nay, in thrusting it down her throat at the cannon's mouth. What could be a better illustration of how the soul of man is revealed, and how it is obscured?

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Many at the present moment will exclaim: 'That is just what we were saying. How can we possibly maintain relations with those who only know how to divide, whose rapacious maw continually opens wider and wider? They know nothing of the spirit of the Infinite which is all in all to us. They follow the cult of the finite. Must we not keep at arm's length their pernicious teaching and culture?'

But this attitude is also one of division, while it has not even the merit of worldly prudence behind it. India's ancient teaching was not this. Manu says: 'Restraint cannot be practised so well by leaving the world, as by remaining in it purified by wisdom.' That is because the responsibility of the material world is also on us and cannot be shirked, if we would do justice to the responsibilities of the world of the spirit. So the Upanishad says: 'Rescue yourself from death by the cult of the finite, and then by the cult of the infinite you shall attain immortality.' Shukra, the preceptor of the Titans, was master of the art of material existence; and in his school Kacha, the emissary of the gods, had to gain admission in order to learn the secret of immortality.

One of the first steps in the culture of the Soul is to free it from the tyranny of matter. This is the basic effort which must be made to start with; and unless the foundation be thus well and truly laid, the powers of the majority of men will be exhausted in their struggles to stave off sheer physical starvation. It is quite true, that the West has kept its head bent to the ground and become so absorbed in the spade work that no time has been left to lift its head upwards. Nevertheless, it will not do for those who aspire to live in the light and air of the upper story to despise the spade work itself. In the region of the spirit, our seers have told us, ignorance is bondage, knowledge is freedom. The same is true in the material world. Those who do not know its laws are its slaves, those who do are emancipated. The bondage of external forces is an illusion which science alone can dispel.

Anyhow, the Western continents have been striving for liberation from the maya of matter, striking hard whenever they encounter any of the roots of that ignorance which breeds hunger and thirst, disease and want, or other ills of mundane life. In a word, they have been engaged in securing for man protection against physical death. On the other hand, the striving of the Eastern peoples has been to win for man his spiritual kingdom, to lead him to immortality. By their present separateness, East and West alike are now in danger of losing the fruits of their age-long labors. That is why the Upanishad, from the beginning, has enunciated the principle, which yet may serve to unite them. 'Gain protection,' it says, 'from death by the cult of the finite, and then by the cult of the infinite you shall attain immortality.' 'All that moves in the moving world' is the province of Science. 'God envelops all this' is the province of the philosophy of the Infinite. When the Rishi enjoins us to combine them both, then that implies the union of the East and the West. For want of that union, the East is suffering from poverty and inertia and the West from lack of peace and happiness.

There is a danger of my being misunderstood as to what I mean by Union. I should like to make that point quite plain to my readers. Uniformity is not unity. Those who destroy the independence of other races, destroy the unity of all races of humanity. Modern Imperialism is that idea of Unity, which the python has in swallowing other live creatures. I have said before, that, if the spiritual altogether swallows up the material interest of

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man, that cannot be called harmony. But when the spiritual and the material keep separate, in their own respective provinces, then they can find their unity. In like manner, when we respect the true individuality of men, then we can discover their true unity.

While Europe, after the Great War, has been yearning for peace, the smaller nations have been more and more insistent in claiming self-determination. If a new era is really to be ushered in, it must be signalized by the overthrow of the monster, Wealth, and the monster, Empire, and also of the enormity of organizations. The true unity must be established upon true units. Those who coöperate with the New Age must cultivate their own individuality in order to attain successfully the spirit that shall unite. They must remember that Freedom (which is the great quest) is not of this or that nation, but of universal man.

The truth that 'the man who knows others as himself is truly revealed' is to be found not only in the pages of man's scriptures. Its working can be seen throughout human history. In the beginning, we see man gathered into separate groups within barriers of mountain and ocean. As soon as man came into touch with man, the problem of his truth as a member of the human race demanded attention. Whenever men came together, but were unable to unite, they lost their truth. Those of them who, having come into contact, hit out wildly against one another, none trusting the other, each trying to gain the advantage, have all disappeared from the face of the earth. And those who have tried to realize the one Soul in the souls of all have developed into great peoples.

Thanks to Science, so many vehicles of communication are speeding over land and water and even through the air, that to-day there are no longer any geographical barriers. Now, not only individual men, but whole nations have come into contact, and the problem has become acute. Those whom Science has brought together how shall man put asunder? If the conjunction of man is a real union, then all goes well, otherwise nearness produces conflict. Such an age of universal conflict has come. The outward forces which are bringing men together are running at a great speed; the inner forces which make men united are lagging behind. It is as if a locomotive were to rush on with its train, the driver left behind wringing his hands in despair, while a cheering crowd of onlookers are lost in admiration at its headlong speed, crying, 'This is progress indeed!' And we, the mild men of the East, who are in the habit of trudging along on foot, how can we possibly bear the brunt of the collision? Things which are near us and yet keep aloof, if they have their movement, always give us shocks. Such a conjunction of shocks may not be comfortable, but, in certain circumstances, it may be wholesome.

However that may be, nothing is more obvious than the fact that nations have come together, but yet are not united. The agony of this presses on the whole world. Why is it, that, in spite of its torture, the world can find no solution? Because even those who had mastered the art of uniting within their own boundaries have not yet learnt the secret of uniting outside them. The barrier, by limiting truth, makes truth itself at first easier of comprehension; so man is apt to give the credit to the barrier and not to the truth; he worships the priest to the exclusion of the divinity, and fears the policeman more than the king.

Nations have risen on the strength of truth, but it was not their Nationalism which was true. And yet human sacrifices are being offered to this barrier-

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god. So long as the victims were of alien race no question arose; but all of a sudden, in 1914, the votaries developed a mania for sacrificing one another. Then the doubt arose: 'Is this after all the right kind of household god, who fails to distinguish between kindred and stranger?' While he was fastening his fangs on the limbs of the offerings from the East, sucking out their substance, the festivity of the sacrificial rites waxed fast and furious, for stimulants were not lacking either. To-day some of them are to be seen with bowed heads, oppressed with the misgiving that perhaps this kind of riotous worship might not be altogether healthy. While the war was at its height, there was some hope that the orgy of Nationalism might soon be brought to an end. But the war which disappeared in one aspect came back wearing the mask of peace. The thinkers of the West are bemoaning the tragic fact that the infatuation from which this disaster has been caused, is still as vigorous as ever. This infatuation is Nationalism, the collective Egotism of the whole nation. It is a passion whose tendency is against the ideal of Unity. Its pull is toward itself.

The peoples have come together. This great truth cannot be crushed beneath the triumphal car of any imperialistic ambition. Then we must establish relations with this truth. Otherwise there will be no end to these wars of annihilation. Since it is essential that education should fit in with the spirit of the time, the high priests of Nationalism will avail themselves of every pretext and opportunity to inculcate by means of education the doctrine of national pride in the growing generation. When Germany frankly made her universities the servitors of her political ambitions, other European nations condemned her. But which of the greater European nations has not followed suit? The only difference has been that Germany being the greater master of scientific method, carried on the nationalistic propaganda more thoroughly. She made her education into a scientific incubator for hatching the eggs of Nationalism, and the chickens produced have been more vigorous than those of the neighboring nations. The same has become the function of the press — the unremitting circulation of plausible national untruths.

An education which can free the nations from this ungodly fetish of Nationalism is what is chiefly needed to-day. To-morrow is to begin the chapter of the federation of races. Any evil tendencies of thought and sinful habits which militate against the spirit of federation will unfit us to take our part in the history of to-morrow. I hope I can claim to be duly conscious of the glories of my own country, but my fervent prayer is that such consciousness may never make me forgetful of the earliest message of our seers, the message of unity, in which the forces of disruption have no place.

I can hear, from over the seas, the wailing of men questioning themselves: 'Wherein was our sin, — in what part of our thoughts, of our education, — that this terrible suffering is ours to-day?' May the reply of our Rishis reach them: 'There can be no blindness and sorrow, where all beings are known as one's self and the Unity is realized.' I can hear, from over the seas, the cry for Peace. We must give them the message of our great forefathers: 'Peace is where the Good is; the Good is where there is Unity.'

Shantam, Shivam, Advaitam.
Unity is peace; for Unity is the Good.

I am fully conscious of the glories of my motherland, so it shames me even to think, that now, on the eve of the new age, when the command of Rudra,

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the Terrible, has gone forth to sweep away the rubbish of decayed ages, this same rubbish should be piled up into an altar for her worship. He who is Peace, who is Good, is the One Universal Refuge of all the different Nations of men. Cannot the chanting of the mantra, — Shantam, Shivam, Advaitam, — with the first fresh glow of the dawning era, rouse in us once more our ancient love of truth?

It is the dream of my heart, that the culture-centre of our country should also be the meeting-ground of the East and West. In the field of business, antagonism still prevails; it struggles hard against reconcilement. In the field of culture, there is no such obstacle. The householder, who is exclusively occupied with his domestic concerns and is chary of his hospitality, is poor in spirit. No great country can afford to be confined to its kitchen, it must have its reception-room where it can do honor to itself by inviting the world.

India has only government institutions, or their prototypes, for her education. By far the greater part of it consists in begging for the crumbs of other people's attaining. When begging becomes a habit, the lack of hospitality ceases to cause shame. So the Indian universities have no compunction in proclaiming themselves mendicants with nothing to offer in return for what they receive. It is not true, that nothing is expected from them. I have often been confronted in Europe with the question: 'Where is India's voice?' But when the inquirer from the West comes to India, and listens at her door, he says: 'The words which we hear are only the feeble echoes of our own words, — the mere parodies of things preached by us.' To me, it has always seemed that, when the Indian disciple of Max Müller boasts in strident tones of his Aryan descent, there is heard all the blatant noise of the Western brass band; and also when in a frenzy of condemnation he rejects the West, there is heard only the most discordant sounds of the Western tunes.

It is my prayer that India should, in the name of all the East, establish a centre for the culture of Truth to which all may be invited. I know she lacks material wealth, but she has no lack of spiritual wisdom. On the strength of the latter she may invite the world, and be invited into every part of the world, not to hang round the threshold, but to take the seat prepared for her in the inmost chamber. But even that honor may be left out of sight. The real object of our endeavor should be to realize truth in our inner nature and then to manifest it in the outer world, — not for the sake of expediency; not for gaining honor, but for emancipating man's spirit from its obscurity. The ideal revelation of soul must be expressed, through all our education and through all our work, and then by honoring all men we shall ourselves be honored, and by welcoming the new age we shall ourselves be freed from the burden of senility.

The mantra of that education is:

'He who realizes all creatures in himself and himself in all creatures is never obscured.'

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ALBERT BALLIN, FOUNDER OF THE GERMAN MARINE

BY D. HORNICKE

[The biography of Albert Ballin, former manager of the Hamburg-American Steamship Company, which has just appeared in Germany, is an interesting chapter in the history of modern commerce, and perhaps of the true attitude of German shipping men toward the war.]

From *Kölnische Zeitung, December 4*
(Conservative Daily, British Occupied Territory)

In the tragic summer of 1918, Albert Ballin invited me to visit him at his country place at the little hamlet of Hamfelde not far from Friedrichsruh. I found him in his study, apparently after a sleepless night — one of the many sleepless nights he passed about that period. He looked worn and wan. His face was weary and furrowed with lines of care. His usually vivacious and expressive eyes were clouded with unspeakable weariness. His whole attitude expressed deathlike resignation.

He was in the midst of one of those crises of hopelessness, of crushing consciousness of his isolation and loneliness among his countrymen, which sometimes seized him. No one saw earlier than he did the abyss toward which his country was rushing. Our conversation naturally turned to political affairs — a sad enough subject, quite out of harmony with the glorious summer morning. Recognizing that he must pour out his pent-up emotions to someone, I begged him to speak frankly, without regard to my own hopes, already badly shaken. Little by little he unburdened the anguish in his soul. At first he tried to control and temper the passion of his convictions and despair, but the truth would out. It seemed to relieve him somewhat to share with another the intolerable weight upon his heart.

His words were the more impressive because he uttered them without pathos, with the matter-of-fact tone of a cool, reckoning business man. They were an elegy recited without stress or adornment, describing what we had irrevocably lost — but with a note of such fathomless mental misery that they thrilled one deeper than the most passionate declamation. The war was lost. The submarines had brought America into the conflict and destroyed our last hope; they had failed and could never accomplish what was promised; our statistics and our forecasts were false and misleading. Our armies had fought with a heroism and endurance unexampled in history — but all for nothing. Our might had crumbled. The people were at the limit of their resources and their morale. The bitter end had come.

But I must not reopen old wounds, by trying to repeat all that Ballin said. It is enough to say that no other experience of my life ever moved me so profoundly as that summer morning's conversation in the country house at Hamfelde. The man who spoke there was no slacker, no constitutional pessimist, but a person who felt deeply responsible for what he said and did. When he delivered this Cassandra oracle, I knew he was the mouthpiece of the gods. I bowed, awed before his unspeakable pain, convinced that he saw truly. With the pallor of death in

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his face, he recounted his long luckless struggle for our national salvation. No longer was he admitted to the confidence of the Kaiser; the powers around the throne kept him away. They would have none of his prophecies. They despised him as a mere shipmaster and internationalist, who saw things only through the glasses of his own selfish interests. This last charge was what struck closest to his honorable, patriotic heart.

When I departed, I carried with me the memory of a man who had reaped but a scanty harvest of happiness, indeed, from a life of brilliant attainment, apparent success, and unceasing mental toil. He felt that his career was over. His lifework ended with the passing of the Kaiser and the Monarchy. I said to myself, with an inner shock: Albert Ballin is a dead man. A few months later, my foreboding came true — on that hapless November 9, soon after the dirty fists of ragged sailors bore the red embers of revolution even to the privacy of his personal apartments.

Bernhard Huldermann aptly applies to Ballin, Shakespeare's words: 'He was a man, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again.' No other person is as well qualified to write his biography. He was always an admirer of Ballin and was attracted by him while still a youth. Ballin observed the industry, the exceptional clarity of mind and soundness of judgment of the gifted young publicist, and eventually invited him to become a director of the Hamburg-American Company. Here Huldermann soon became Ballin's right-hand man. But he was more than this. He was his confidant and friend; and it was but natural that he should be executor of his will after his death. In the latter, Ballin made him trustee of his personal papers 'to utilize as his own judgment might dictate.' This explains the origin of the book.

The biography opens with an account of Morris and Company, the firm founded by Ballin's father and certain of his business associates to engage in the emigration business at Hamburg. In 1879 Albert Ballin became a partner. His education was of the modest character at that time considered sufficient for a Hamburg merchant. Even at that, Ballin was by no means a model pupil. Not until later life did he set about acquiring a better education by private study and by travel. He was first and foremost a born merchant. He soon showed such eminent talent as a business man, that the old, plodding shipping lines of Hamburg, worried by his keen competition, invited this restless and enterprising rival to become the manager of their own passenger service. That happened in the late eighties. His advent in this new field was coincident with a tremendous expansion of the steamship business in Hamburg. The story reads like a romance. No small part of this growth was due to Ballin's remarkable combination of wisdom and imagination. These two qualities characterized his whole business career. His persistence in pursuing a goal, his remarkable talent for organization, his boldness — tempered by a conscientious feeling of responsibility — and also his fascinating personality and his skill in managing men, contributed to his success. He was sometimes called 'the man of compromises'; and he esteemed his ability to see both sides of a question a high gift. But if a fight was necessary, he did not shirk it. During his whole life, he was incessantly preparing for a battle with his rivals, while making every effort to avoid one.

While Ballin's success is to be attributed in no small part to his personal qualities, he was also favored by fate. His active business life fell in an era of unprecedented opportunity. Naturally

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it took a genius to improve that opportunity so brilliantly. Those chapters in the book which describe the building of the modern fleet of ocean greyhounds, the working-out of international understandings among great shipping companies, the development of the New York organization, the agreement with the English, — especially the Cunard line, — the happy neutralization of the serious threat to German maritime interests represented by the formation of the so-called Morgan Shipping Trust, and the specialization of ocean services, are virtually a history of the shipping business during the last three decades.

Of even more interest to the reading world at large are the seventy-six pages devoted to Ballin's political convictions and his influence in public life. It would take another volume, or at least a pamphlet, to discuss thoroughly what Huldermann tells us on the strength of his intimate association with Ballin and the abundant documentary material in his hands. Here, too, Ballin is represented as 'the man of compromises.' At no time did he believe in war for its own sake, or for the sake of subduing our enemies. He characterized such ideas drastically as 'perverse pleasures.' All that was worth-while to him was to secure the best practicable conditions of existence for himself and his business enterprises. . . . This was the key to all his political opinions. It explains why he dubbed the World War, a war of folly, or 'the most foolish of all wars.' He believed the conflicting interests of Austria and Serbia a relative trifle in the history of the world and the welfare of nations. None the less, Ballin recognized the deeper causes of the struggle: the hostility between England and Germany resulting from the building of a German navy. But though he saw clearly this opposition of interest, he was fully convinced that it might be compromised if rational specialists from both countries would only sit down together and discuss it calmly. That was his faith. Because this was his conviction, he persisted through good fortune and bad to labor for such a compromise, largely through his English friend, Ernest Cassel.

We are guided skillfully through the events, both before and behind the scenes, which preceded and accompanied the attempt to reach an Anglo-German understanding at the time of Lord Haldane's visit to Berlin; and the network of blunder and intrigue which defeated those efforts. We are given a glimpse into many details of which we knew before little or nothing at all. These passages, however, are chiefly interesting for the bright light they throw upon Ballin's persistent, though unobtrusive efforts, to guide these negotiations to a successful conclusion. We cannot dwell upon these details. To understand them one must know their documentary background.

Another important chapter which cannot be adequately covered in a review deals with the Kaiser and the war. That chapter is a chef-d'œuvre which should not be mutilated. It paints the Kaiser in a very different light from that given him by conventional halo artists before and during the war. He appears as a sympathetic, gifted, but weak and irresponsible man. The author shows that Ballin never influenced the Kaiser for any length of time, or changed the course of public policy. When it came to the point, Ballin's personal influence and the weight of his arguments could not outweigh the influence of other people, who were constantly nearer the Kaiser than he was, and who pursued different purposes. Indeed, the practical effects of Ballin's friendship with the Kaiser have been greatly overestimated. This is especially true of the common opin-

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ion that the Hamburg-American line profited by it. One of Ballin's business associates remarked very truly, that their manager's friendship with the Kaiser did the Company more harm than good. After the war broke out, Ballin's influence at court was negligible. He was given no opportunity to converse confidentially with the Kaiser, for the little clique who then surrounded the monarch were excessively jealous of their own influence. Even the last time that Ballin saw the Kaiser, in September 1918, when he was invited by the Higher Command of the Army to enlighten the latter on the actual situation, he was not permitted to talk with the Monarch alone. It was most unhappy, indeed, both for the Kaiser and for his people, that Wilhelm was so carefully guarded from the truth.

So prejudiced was the Empress regarding the war and its cause, that during one of Ballin's few visits to the royal family, she stepped up to him with her fists raised in the air and said: 'A peace with England? *Never!*' That evening, after Ballin departed, the Kaiser defended him to the Empress, but added that he could not understand Ballin's attitude on that matter; that his own feeling was that he had been personally betrayed by his English relatives, and so was in honor bound to fight England to the bitter end.

Though the facts which Huldermann here presents cannot well be refuted, the reader pauses with astonishment to inquire why the Higher Army Command wished Ballin to talk to the Kaiser and provided an opportunity for him to do so. Its own members constantly had access to the Imperial ear, and were in a position to present authoritative facts to him without the service of a middleman.

One other matter. The chapter upon the war would make it seem that Ballin had been persuaded by his English friends — through whose eyes he saw official England — to take too favorable a view of that country's sentiments and intentions. It would seem that he took altogether too rosy a view of the situation when he came back from London late in July 1914, believing that any reasonably skillful German diplomat could reach an understanding with England and France that would guarantee peace and prevent Russia from attacking. In fact, Ballin's natural optimism, the suggestions of his English friends, and his own temperament, caused him to aver after his return from London that England, and the leading men in English public life, were *absolutely in favor of peace; and that even the government of France did not want war!* However, in case of an unprovoked attack, England was obligated to assist France. This 'unprovoked attack,' our declaration of war against France, when we knew perfectly well that France already intended to fight us, was doubtless one of the worst acts of folly which we committed — a measure which harmed us in the opinion of the world as much as it benefited the French and English.

In conclusion, there is an intimation without more precise citation of facts, that 'the most promising attempt at mediation' of which the author knows reached us through Ballin's hands. It came to the latter through his connection with eminent men abroad. After two years' effort, a situation was brought about early in 1917 when a direct interchange of overtures between the hostile powers was imminent. This promising prospect was ruined by our declaring unlimited submarine warfare. 'That made the Allies certain that they would have the help of America and win a victory.' We discover in the book another statement by Ballin which deserves recording. It is his remark, on New Year's day, 1915,

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that Germany must extricate itself from the 'wet triangle' of the North Sea and secure a foothold on the ocean which could not be blockaded. This statement is often cited to show that Ballin advocated annexing Belgium. What the latter really had in view, however, was a naval base on the Atlantic ocean somewhere in the vicinity of North Africa, secured and guaranteed by a treaty with Great Britain. It should be borne in mind that this hopeful proposal came at the very beginning of the war.

NEW TOLSTOYANA. II

BY VALENTINE BULGAKOV

From *Rassegna Italiana, October* 31
(Political and Literary Monthly)

May 4. — This morning Lev Nikolaevich peeked into Tatiana's room, where I was busy at my Remington copying the introduction of his *Thoughts upon Life*. He had begun this book a long time ago, but had not yet finished it. Sticking his head in the door he said: 'God bless you. Are you always working?' Then he added, referring to the introduction: 'B——'s remark is a true one. "Write till you die and still you'll not be through."'

At luncheon somebody asked him how he slept. He replied: 'Excellent. Wonderful dreams, beautiful dreams. I wish I could have written them down at length. Dreams are interesting for the light they throw upon our psychology. They mirror the true character of the man.'

At dinner he described his afternoon walk. Among other things he said: 'If Napoleon's campaign had brought him in this vicinity, I have no doubt that he would have stopped at Khocheti. It is the highest point in the vicinity and has a view over all the country around.' Then the conversation drifted to Bernard Shaw's book on Napoleon, which he had received a few days ago. Lev Nikolaevich thought it was affected and poorly written. 'Plenty of wit without purpose and solid thought. The people he describes do not say what they naturally would say, but what Shaw wants them to say for his own purposes.'

That evening he read aloud part of Semionov's story, *Over the Abyss*, and began a second story which Tatiana finished. He commented: 'That is the life of peasants who are struggling up from below. We see it from above. Here it is seen from beneath.'

He had noticed a stereotyped Paris edition of the French classics in the bookcase of Sukotin's son. Rousseau and the others were among them. He had been tempted to dip into them. 'I was interested in knowing what my grandchildren read,' he said. 'In my day, there were certain classics which it was considered necessary for every young person to read if he were to become a man of culture. But nowadays they print such a multitude of

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books. One of my visitors insisted on my telling him who Knut Hamsun was. The Knut Hamsuns in the field of art are legion. In the field of politics and economics and social questions in general, they are as multitudinous as the ocean.'

No letters or newspapers came for Lev Nikolaevich to-day. He was delighted with this. So our first two days of Khocheti have been exceedingly restful.

May 5. — I did not know until to-day that Tolstoy always cleans his own room in the early morning and carries out his sweepings and slops, and throws them on the dust pile in the yard. I saw him pass my window in a long hooded cloak, bent over, his gaze fixed on the ground, laboriously lugging a heavy pail. His servant told me that he does this every morning, winter or summer.

One of Tolstoy's characteristic traits is the pleasure he receives from meeting strangers. He asked Sukotin to introduce him to Prince Galizin, his nearest neighbor. The Prince is a very wealthy and eccentric old man, who lives the life of a hermit in his immense manor house. Tolstoy also wants to get acquainted with the peasants on the estate. I brought him the November and December numbers of *Daily Thoughts and Proverbs* arranged in the new order. He read Étienne de la Boëtie: *De la Servitude Volontaire.*

'A sixteenth-century writer and what an anarchist!' He read in the introduction a few pages upon the conquest of Lydia by Cyrus and a thought which he copied in his memorandum book: '"History, that is, the science of history, conceals the truth." How true that is!'

Commenting on the charge that the opinions of de la Boëtie are not sincere but are mere rhetorical exercises, Tolstoy said: 'That is absurd. He was merely a young man uncorrupted by science, who had no faith in the government.'

When the mail came I took it to Lev Nikolaevich. He inquired: 'How are the boys, all well?'

'Yes.'

'Good, good, God bless you.'

That evening he read aloud the *Pensées* of Larochefoucauld.

He said to his daughter: 'I am intoxicated with the solitude here. I go forth and I see no poor people, no needy women or students, no people whom I am able to aid. It is not a good thing to be too comfortable. But I am entitled to a rest. Every worker has his Sabbath. This is just a long Sabbath.' Then he added: 'Leonida Simionov wrote that when he read stories to the peasants, they always asked: "Are they true?" If he replied that they were fiction, they paid no further attention to the tale. To interest them, it had to be either a literal description or a parable. But the content of a parable may be very profound.'

Just before retiring, he mentioned a book which he received to-day: *The Meaning of Life* (Andreyev, Sollogub, Chekhov).

'As if one could discover the real meaning of life in Sollogub or Chekhov! Here we have the true meaning of life as taught for thousands of years by the great and gifted men of the world, beginning with the Brahmans and Confucius, and coming down to Kant and Schopenhauer. And now we are told to cast all that aside and to search for its true meaning in Sollogub and Chekhov! And yet you can't say that it is a futile book. But those earlier thinkers taught us equally well the true meaning of life. It is something that we must search for unceasingly.'

May 6. — A letter and telegram arrived from Chertkov saying that he has been permitted to come to Kho-

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cheti. He also urges Tolstoy to resume his horseback riding, and cautions him against the people who are trying to dissuade him from writing articles which may arouse controversy. Lev Nikolaevich wrote on the margin of this letter: 'A dear man and a treasured friend.'

When handing me letters to answer this morning he asked me to show one to his daughter, Tatiana. It was an interesting letter upon the futurist school of painting, especially in Italy, and upon poetry. Truly this is a house of mad people!

This evening they read the letter aloud. Lev Nikolaevich gave me his memorandum book, in order that I might copy the thoughts he had jotted down during the day, on a sheet of paper, to be pasted into his diary later. Tatiana showed him some works published by Posrednik: *The Duties of a Mother*, *Our Children*, very poorly done and very indelicate. Tolstoy observed: 'These treat of very important questions — the relations of the sexes — but I am qualified to say nothing on them and I shall not. What do we know of the ancestry of man? Even the wisest know nothing! I certainly know nothing.'

Somebody said that many of the peasants' huts are without a stove: and that in one of the neighboring villages, where an epidemic of typhus was raging, he had seen six people ill with disease lying in a single hut along with several lambs and a calf. The place was so crowded that two of the sick people lay in the open doorway. They died.

Lev Nikolaevich observed: 'That is not at all unusual. What is truly remarkable is that we no longer are surprised at anything. I have been reading an account of Chernichevski's life during his exile. The author seems to think it a dreadful thing that he had to live in a hut without a stove! But consider the conditions that exist right around us here.'

I do not recall the connection in which he remarked, a moment later: 'To my mind, Darwinism is a specimen of unexampled dullness and stupidity. The origin of man? What is there interesting in that?' That evening he read again Larochefoucauld's *Pensées* in French.

May 7. — Chertkov has come. Tolstoy had requested that no one come into his room that morning; but I disobeyed him to announce the arrival of his guest. He jumped up quickly and hastened out to meet Vladimir Gregorovich, who was still at the door. They embraced each other warmly. I observed a little incident that often occurs when people are greatly excited at meeting each other or at bidding each other farewell. While Chertkov was paying his driver, Tolstoy turned aside and took out his pocket handkerchief. I saw that his face was wet with tears.

Chertkov went to his room, Tolstoy accompanying him.

To-day Lev Nikolaevich feels weak. He has been working too hard. He has asked me again to copy the introduction of *Thoughts upon Life*. That evening we read a story about suicide, entitled *The Microbe*. Lev Nikolaevich observed: 'Yes, that's true, but to me it seems too literary in form.'

May 8. — Referring to the story we read last night, Tolstoy said: 'It was a mistake not to let us know more fully the sentiments of the girl who committed suicide. If an author undertakes to write a story like that, he should have described her feelings. How could he know them? He should have divined them. What he says of religion is mere scientific chatter. He talks of some new religion in process of formation, perhaps a Christian sect.

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But just as we must dine to-day, and not two generations hence, so we must have our religion to-day and not at some indefinite time of the future. It is a scientific fallacy to see things only objectively.' After a pause, he added: 'It is not a paradox but a literal truth that no act is good unless we do not think of its consequences. This is because when we do not think of the result of our acts, they are performed for the general good. If we think of their results, they are invariably guided by our selfish interests.'

A curious episode happened at dinner. A place had been set next to him at the table for Sofia Andreevna (Tolstoy's wife) who was expected to-day. On the other side of her was Chertkov's plate. When Lev Nikolaevich observed this, he insisted on taking the place set for his wife in order to be between her and Chertkov. But Sofia Andreevna did not come.

During afternoon tea there was lively conversation about Tolstoy's old friends and acquaintances and the new edition of his works. He told me to copy an article upon suicide, saying: 'I want to show how empty and crazy modern life is. I want to paint vividly a picture of the impossible conditions in which men are entangled and from which they cannot escape. But a man must be in exactly the right mood to do that.'

May 9. — One of Tolstoy's admirers in Sweden, understanding that he thought of attending the peace congress at Stockholm, offered him his hospitality. He could provide him with adjoining rooms for himself, his wife, his secretary, and his doctor. Tolstoy wrote thanking him, saying that he could not attend the congress. Chertkov hit the nail on the head by calling the congress 'a picnic.'

We were talking of the Yegovist sect which is being persecuted by the government. Lev Nikolaevich described the superstitions and mysticism of its followers, saying: 'I have thought and written that metaphysics — that is, discussions of the soul and of God — though a necessary part of religious doctrine, is so inconceivably abstract that the less we write and talk about the subject the better. It deals with things which we can apprehend directly through our spiritual faculties better than through our reason. There are two methods by which we may overcome the difficulty of comprehending metaphysical questions. The first is to believe in a personal God, in the Trinity, and all that; the second is to say that there is no God and that religion is unnecessary. Neither of these methods is fully satisfactory.'

He noticed through the window boys who had come to get books. I told him that I had given the lads his *Thoughts and Proverbs for Every Day* and some other serious books, because they had previously read all the books for boys. I told them that these books were perhaps too hard for them, but they replied: 'Never mind, we'll read them two or three times.'

Lev Nikolaevich smiled with pleasure and wonder, observing: 'It comforts me to think that one or two of them may actually understand these questions. I saw in their eyes that two or three of those boys had good, strong mental digestions.'

Sofia Andreevna and his son, Andrea, came. There was a noisy time at the table and Tolstoy left as soon as the meal was over. His son asked: 'What, Papa, you're going to bed so soon?' He replied: 'Yes, I've a good many things to do — and to play the game, Patience.' Then turning to Chertkov in the hallway, he added: 'Come with me, Vladimir Gregorovich.

I took his letters in to him to sign.

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In one of them, at his instruction, I advised the young writer of a florid and flattering letter to adopt a more simple and worthy style when writing to people. Vladimir Gregorovich observed: 'But possibly he is sincere.' 'No,' replied Lev Nikolaevich, 'I am sure I am not in error here. I am in error, however, in my attitude toward Andrea.' 'How's that? I thought you were on the best of terms,' said Gregorovich. 'No, I have done wrong. Andrea, in speaking of Molochnikov, told me that people say in St. Petersburg that he is in prison, not because of my books, but for some propaganda or other. I replied that people who talked like that did not deserve a fraction of the honor which Molochnikov merits. But I did wrong. Things went better with Sofia Andreevna. I told her plainly to-day for the first time how bitter this manner of living is for me, how hard physically, how painful mentally. I spoke with warmth, although I was quite calm. And it seems that I made an impression. But I don't know how long it will last.'

An odd letter arrived to-day: 'Knowing that you are a most excellent employer, I take the liberty of writing to you. I am a trained agriculturist and would like to be given a position by you or your son at Yasnia Poliana, of which I have heard high reports.'

I have recopied the introduction of his *Thoughts upon Life*, corrected for the third time. It is a brief, concise exposition of Tolstoy's ideas. That is why he is so interested in it and is taking so much pains.

May 10. — This morning I went to the room of Lev Nikolaevich. He said: 'To-day I feel physically most unwell, but strangely enough, I feel exceedingly well morally. What a blessed state of mind! How many notes I have made!'

'How can that be?' I asked.

'How? That's just the way it should be. And how are you feeling?'

'In prime condition physically and morally.'

'That's the way it should be. We should always try to have the spirit master the body and keep it in subjection.'

He took a horseback ride to-day for the first time in a long period. I see that Chertkov's persuasions have been effective. I have copied the introduction to his *Thoughts upon Life* for the fourth time.

After dinner I went into his study with Vladimir Gregorovich. Lev Nikolaevich mentioned for the first time the letters which have appeared in the newspapers attacking Chertkov, who had expressed his indignation because the Authors' Congress had allowed an abbreviated version of Tolstoy's letter to it to be published. Tolstoy felt that Chertkov's reproof to the president of the congress was justified, but was greatly disturbed because his friend had exposed himself to unjust criticism. 'It's a case for us to exercise the greatest abnegation. It's a thankless task from which no one will reap any glory. And the most important thing is that those people do not understand that you are acting of your own volition, independently of Tolstoy.'

May 11. — When I took Tolstoy his letters this morning, I asked if he had begun to read Andreyev's *Anathema*, which the author had sent him. He replied: 'Not yet. It's tiresome.'

Abrikosov and his son have come. The father is a representative of a well-known business house in Moscow. The son is a follower of Tolstoy, married to his distant relative, the Princess Obolenski. He owns a small estate some twelve miles from here. Lev Nikolaevich was delighted to see them, especially the son.

A little later in the morning he

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peeked into my room, and seeing me, came in. 'Do you know who these Abrikosovs are?' he asked and immediately added a brief description of his guests. I observed, 'It seems to me that the son used to be a great admirer of yours.' 'Yes, and he is still. He's progressing quietly and slowly, as rapidly as a married man can expect to.'

I recalled that Tatiana had told me that the younger Abrikosov, before he married, had lived with Maria Alexandrovna Schmidt at Ovisannikovo, helping her in her housework and making the rounds, clad as a working man, to sell milk to the summer residents at Sasieka. All the Tolstoy family are very fond of him.

Lev Nikolaevich sat down in an armchair: 'I must go and lie down. I believe we should not work except when it pleases God to have us. I am trying to get rid of the thought that I must always be saying something that will be useful to others. We ought merely to live according to the Divine will and not think too much of the purport of our acts. Remember what I've already told you, that when we are thinking of the results of what we do we are invariably preoccupied with some selfish personal interest. When we do not think of consequences, we are animated by the interests of all. We should devote our lives to the general good. That is the way the birds and the flowers live. Their labors are unquestionably labors for the common good.'

At afternoon tea we talked of the theatre, of the Moscow artists, and the new plays. Lev Nikolaevich thought Tourgeniev's *A Month in the Country* insignificant. Referring to Ostrovski's comedy, *Every Wise Man is a Simpleton*, he said: 'That play is not typical of Ostrovski. There are some magnificent pieces among his early works, describing the kind of life that he knew and loved and was qualified to criticize. An artist must love the medium in which he works.' Then referring to his brother, Sergius, he added: 'One would expect to discover some common traits in two brothers. Sergius is absolutely different from myself, but in spite of that I understand him. I believe that no two persons can understand each other so well as brothers.'

May 12. — Lev Nikolaevich read a book which Chertkov had given him. It is a translation of Pfleiderer's *Religion and Religions*. He asked me to copy certain passages which he had marked, about the teachings of Lao-tse and Confucius, observing: 'I am not afraid they will tire you, because you will find them so interesting.'

He has just finished reading a little book on Babism and asked me to send it to Bulange, so that the latter might write a popular article on that interesting sect.

We took a horseback ride as far as the park of Prince Galizin. The woman at the gate would not let us pass at first, but when she learned that Tolstoy was Sukotin's father-in-law, she withdrew her objection and said smiling confusedly, 'I did n't recognize the gentleman.'

Old Galizin lives alone, the life of a recluse. He is very eccentric. He fears women. His only heir is a natural son. Tolstoy asked the manager of the place, who came to meet us, to take his greetings to the Prince, and to tell him that he would call in person another time. The park is immense.

On our way back, we made a detour in order not to pass the house. It began to rain, at first gently, and then heavily. We took refuge under a shed and later in a little shop. Besides the shopkeeper and his son, a policeman and a boy of about eighteen, with an ill-favored countenance and wearing a black jacket and a new cap, were in

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the place. We had passed the boy a little previously, mounted on a fine horse.

Lev Nikolaevich asked him: 'Where do you belong?'

'On Prince Galizin's estate.'

'And who are you?'

The boy seemed confused, but the shopkeeper replied in a loud voice: 'The Prince's natural son.'

The conversation then turned upon the character of the soil, the unhappy condition of the peasantry, their large families and immorality, and such questions as that.

At dinner our host made merry over the fact that Tolstoy was not permitted to ride in Galizin's park until he had said that he was Sukotin's father-in-law. He exclaimed: 'There, you see! There's one place at least in the world where "Michael Sukotin's father-in-law" is an Open Sesame, and "Count Lev Nikolaevich Tolstoy" is no help whatever. Just think of it. A man of world-wide fame in Paraguay but utterly unknown in Uruguay! But "father-in-law of Michael Sukotin" — that means something.'

Someone told a story of a muzhik who was telling how very old Lev Nikolaevich was, and said that they were already hunting for him with a lantern in the next world. Tolstoy said: 'I like the irony of our people. There's no malice in it.'

This evening Tolstoy's manservant showed him a popular French edition of the classics, printed like a daily paper, and intended to sell for a very low price. He examined it with interest and thought that something of the same kind should be printed in Russia. He read aloud Musset's story, *The White Blackbird*, and laughed at it heartily.

He handed Chertkov his comedy and the introduction to his *Thoughts upon Life* asking him to take it off his hands, that is, to make any corrections he considered necessary and to regard it as a finished work.

NAPOLEON'S UNPUBLISHED NOVEL

BY FRANCESCO GERACI

From *La Tribuna, December* 2
(Rome Liberal Daily)

A Polish writer, Askanazy, has had the rare fortune to discover a forgotten collection of Napoleon's papers. They have been hidden for nearly eighty years in the archives of the Castle of Kornick, in Posen, having been purchased in Paris, in 1822, a few months after Napoleon's death, by Count Dzyalinski. The collection consists of some forty folios bound together, representing fifteen manuscripts written in Napoleon's own hand before 1796. An attached statement by the Duke Bassano, dated February 25, 1822, certifies to their authenticity.

The most important and interesting of these hitherto unknown writings is undoubtedly the fragment of a novel,

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Elisson et Eugénie, where Bonaparte, under a thin veil of fiction, recounts the incidents of a sentimental episode which deeply affected him in his youth.

The author describes Elisson as a young man endowed with great military talent, who from his earliest years read with intense absorption the life of famous commanders, and studied and pondered only the art of war. While still a very young man he obtained a commission in the army, and distinguished himself by acts of valor which speedily won him fame. However, this did not satisfy his soul. Envious and slanderous tongues incessantly tried to sully his glory, until he conceived a disgust for his own triumphs, which only multiplied the number of his enemies. So he decided to leave the kingdom for a period and to seek in a retired and quiet life the solace which war had not brought him. 'Like all men, he wished to be happy, and hitherto he had found no happiness in glory.'

At Champvert, where he was staying as the guest of a friend, he became acquainted with Eugénie.

At this point the author seems to have been uncertain just how to carry forward his narrative. He destroyed several sheets in which he apparently described a marriage opposed by the bride's family, and the birth of a little daughter, Sophie. With these incidents in the background we reach the dramatic passages of his love tale.

Elisson receives orders from his government which bid him leave at once for Paris. The entreaties and tears of his Eugénie and little Sophie cannot swerve him. He must report for duty — must return again to become the butt of human malice and stupidity and the sport of accident and fortune. Again he is in command of an army; again his name is covered with glory, and becomes the symbol of victory. Several years pass without his being able to see his loved ones. But he continues tenderly devoted to them, and finds in the letters which regularly reach him from Eugénie his only joy and comfort amidst the toils of war. Finally, in a hard-fought battle he is seriously wounded.

Thereupon he sends a certain Berville, one of the officers of his staff, to inform Eugénie of his condition; ordering this messenger to remain with her until he has recovered. But the young officer conceives a passion for Eugénie, which is only rendered more ardent by his efforts to conceal it, and which is eventually reciprocated. Elisson recovers from his wounds only to suffer a more painful blow. Eugénie's letters, which have come so regularly for years, cease to arrive. She no longer loves him. His first impulse is to hasten to Champvert and heap reproaches upon her; but his duty to his fatherland forbids.

His own death seems now the only cure for his grief. One day, during a short lull in a furious battle, he writes a note to his beloved one, telling her of his desperate decision. Handing this farewell missive to an adjutant with orders to deliver it at once to Eugénie, he takes personal command of a squadron, charges where the fighting is thickest, and falls 'transfixed by a thousand wounds.'

To what period in Bonaparte's life do the incidents of this story refer? How much of it is true, and how much fiction? Who is the heroine of the romance?

In 1785 and 1786 Bonaparte, who was then seventeen years old, was a lieutenant in the regiment of La Fère, which was garrisoned for a brief period at Lyon, and later at Valenza. At that time he was still a bashful, impecunious lad, although already considered a promising officer and deferred to by his associates. He had some trifling love

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affairs during this period, but in none of them can we recognize the present heroine. She was certainly not Caroline de Columbier; for his flirtation with her, as he said many years later at St. Helena, was limited to their occasionally eating cherries together; nor Lauberie de Saint-Germain, with whom he was so infatuated that he wished to marry her, but whom he speedily forgot. Eugénie's picture is too well drawn to leave doubt as to her identity. She is described as sixteen years old, graceful rather than beautiful, but with strikingly handsome eyes. These facts render her identity beyond question. She was Desiderata Bernardine Eugénie Clary, the second daughter of a wealthy merchant of Marseilles, whose other daughter, Julia, married Joseph Bonaparte, in 1794.

It was in January of the following year that Napoleon, already a general of artillery, became acquainted with Eugénie Clary, while on a visit to his brother. During his twenty-seven years he had never had a serious love affair. He was not a handsome man — lean, yellow, of a moody countenance, sickly, and looking older than his years. But his brilliant eyes possessed an uncanny attraction. He was the reverse of careful in his dress; indeed, extremely negligent in appearance. But all these defects were more than compensated in the impressionable eyes of this little damsel by the military glory and ardent temperament of the young general. She fell in love with him; and when Bonaparte passed through Marseilles again the following April, on his way to Paris, there certainly was some understanding between them. She jealously cherished in after life certain passages of letters which she wrote him. Among them were these lines: 'Oh, my friend, take care of your life in order to save the life of your Eugénie, who could not live without you. Be faithful to your vows, as I shall ever be faithful to the vows I have given you.'

Dark days followed for Bonaparte at Paris. He and his adjutant, Junot, lived almost the life of gypsies. During this unhappy period of lonely isolation, in his miserable garret in *rue Fosse Montmartre*, Napoleon longed more than ever for a home of his own. So he wrote to his brother asking him to plead his case with Eugénie's brother, saying: 'The thing must either be settled or broken off. I await your reply with impatience.'

But a reply never came. We can hardly ascribe this to Eugénie's youth; for in those days it was not rare for girls of sixteen to marry. She certainly was willing. So it must have been the girl's mother and brother who hesitated to give her to this officer, who was without an appointment, without resources of his own, and faced what seemed at that time anything but a brilliant future. Gossip has it that a relative of Eugénie's remarked: 'One Bonaparte in the family is enough.'

However that may be, a decisive reply did not come, and the affair was postponed for later decision. Napoleon was worried, jealous, and suffered terribly. One day, while walking with his adjutant in the Botanical Gardens, he was fairly overcome with bitterness and melancholy. He was in love and had lost hope. He spoke so sadly that Junot was deeply moved by sympathy for his general. During this crisis, in all probability, Napoleon wrote the story which we are describing. It contains most interesting autographic passages, and reveals a state of mind that is easily identified with these critical months, when Napoleon's career was halted for a moment on a dead centre. Does not the note which the little Clary girl wrote to Napoleon, quoted above, portray faithfully the emotion of

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Eugénie when Elisson left her to return to duty?

Many passages in the story are evidently fictitious. The marriage of Elisson and Eugénie, the birth of the little daughter, Eugénie's infidelity during his long absence, the death of Elisson in battle, are merely the bitter fruits of his solitude and sadness, of his morbid imagination and his melancholy, during this most critical period of his young career.

Therefore, the manuscript possesses no slight importance as another key to Napoleon's character. It is useless to try to identify Berville with an actual person. It could not have been Junot, who at that time was desperately in love with Paulina Bonaparte, nor Bernadotte, who had not become acquainted with the Clary family.

Bonaparte had written: 'The thing must either be settled or broken off'; and a few months later it was settled at his own desire.

In fact the ladies of Paris soon made Napoleon forget his little provincial girl. He still dreamed of matrimony. At first he wanted to marry Madame Permon, who was twice his age and who merely laughed at him. Later he courted Madame de la Bouchardie, and perhaps likewise la Mantausier, if we are to believe Barras. Finally fortune smiled on him, and he married Josephine de Beauharnais.

Thereupon the little lass in the far provincial city, who had continued to love Napoleon during all these months of silence, was no longer able to repress a cry of grief, which was carried to the future Emperor in this sad letter: —

> You have made me unhappy for all my life and I still am weak enough to pardon you. Marry if you will. It will no longer be possible for Eugénie to love you and to think of you. . . . The only consolation I have is to let you know my constancy; beyond that I long for nothing but death.
>
> Life has become a cruel torment from the moment I can no longer devote myself to you. . . . But I must let you see that I can be faithful to my promises, although you have broken the ties which united us. I shall never belong to another. I shall never marry. . . . I hope the lady whom you have chosen will make you as happy as I hoped to make you, and as you merit; but in your happiness do not forget entirely Eugénie and her unhappy fate.

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AN ANDALUSIAN BULLFIGHT

From *Kölnische Zeitung, December 2*
(Conservative Daily, British Occupied Territory)

Last Sunday Malaga held a great patriotic *corrida*. The popularity of this national sport was utilized to raise money for welfare work among the Morocco troops. Consequently every citizen, rich and poor alike, was worked up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm for the *fiesta nacional*.

When the long-awaited day finally arrived, we were greeted by bright heavens which promised perfect weather. Though it seldom rains in this part of Spain, winds heavy enough to spoil a bullfight sometimes blow for days. During such storms the *toreros* cannot flout before the bull their *capas* — or challenging strips of colored silk — to arouse his anger; nor can the *matador*, or *espada*, manipulate properly the smaller red cloth, or *muleta*, which he uses for the same purpose in the final act.

The gigantic ring, resembling a Roman amphitheatre except for its red tiled roof, is filled to the last seat by thousands upon thousands of spectators. Tickets are very dear, even dearer than usual on account of the purpose of the occasion. What correspond to the best boxes are difficult to secure, since they are mostly reserved for officials, representatives of clubs and societies, and members of the local nobility. The price of ordinary seats varies with their location. Those farthest from the arena and those facing the afternoon sun are less desirable and cheaper. However, some people avoid the rows closest to the ring; for they can be at times uncomfortable places. A bull may make a bold leap into the audience. But your true enthusiast is not disturbed by such trifles.

Indeed, a fight seldom passes when bold lads from the spectators do not spring into the arena with their bits of red cloth to taunt the bull. They are ambitious youngsters who aspire to become toreros. Generally the police seize them before they have time to disturb the proceedings, and carry them off to meditate for the usual fifteen days in jail. However, they do not always escape so easily. Two or three such young daredevils have been killed the present year.

The cheaper seats, where the spectators bake in the glaring sun, have been occupied for hours. Two regimental bands and the city orchestra take turns entertaining the waiting audience. At last we hear an ear-piercing whistle and the familiar stamping of animals. The beginning of a bullfight is the most punctual event in Spain; you can set your watch by it. Promptly to the moment do the occupants of the President's box, which is adorned with the Spanish colors and with masses of flowers for the occasion, take their places. The ladies wear the picturesque old national garb of the city — *traje de flamenca*. We catch glimpses of the same picturesque attire in other fashionable boxes. Its most striking feature is a tall, broad, decorated comb — *peineta* — which holds in place a rich and costly lace mantilla covering the head and the upper body to the waist. To be perfectly correct the mantilla worn at a corrida should be black and *de madroños* — that is, richly decorated with little silken balls. Here and there, however, you observe a plain mantilla without this adornment; but in that case of the most costly material. Still

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rarer are white mantillas, which are also worn on other occasions.

Besides the mantilla, this costume includes an ample flower-embroidered wrap, or *manton*, with long heavy fringe. It is of brilliant colors, and its ancient embroidery alone often represents a small fortune. At bullfights these are not worn over the shoulders lest they hide the mantilla; but are carried over the arm and used to cover the bench when the wearer is seated.

Taken all in all, the mantillas, these many-hued cloaks spread upon the benches, and the bright contrasting colors which Spanish taste permits in ladies' gowns, make the broad sweep of the amphitheatre, especially its shady side, a picturesque mass of brilliant coloring.

The traditional trumpet signal, which every street boy knows and mimics in his play, is sounded. Before its echoes die away, a door opens, directly opposite the presidential box, in a low structure which contains the apartments of the bullfighters, a well-equipped hospital, and the *toril*, or bull pen. In the latter the animal stars of the coming performance have been on exhibition for a day or more, to be admired and criticized by visitors. Those who lacked leisure to make this personal inspection could judge the qualities of to-day's four-footed fighters from huge photographs displayed along the principal avenues.

A roar of applause greets the three *cuadrillas*, or companies, each consisting of a matador and his assistants, who now enter the arena in a picturesque procession. All of the matadors chance to be natives of Malaga; and they are donating their high salaries for the day — as is every participant down to the humblest arena sweeper or hospital attendant, to help the men wounded in the war.

A famous and admired actress leads the procession on horseback. She wears the uniform of an *aguacil*, or official master of ceremonies, whose duty it is to receive from the *Presidencia* the key to the arena through which the bulls enter the ring. It is indeed a brilliant procession that follows her, glittering in all the colors of the rainbow. The three matadors wear costumes of a colored cloth, so heavily worked in gold that the latter looks like crocheting over its entire surface, and the traditional three-cornered *coletas* — or tiny caps upon their heads. Next come three *banderilleros* for every matador, clad in brilliant cloth of silver, and immediately after them the toreros in similar garb. The mounted section of each squadron follows, consisting of *picadores*, in padded leather breeches and short jackets, which glitter with metallic and colored embroidery. These men carry long lances ending in short angular points, and ride comely horses. Their high pommeled saddles and enormous stirrups suggest a mediæval pageant. Last of all is a group of *monosabios*, in bright red Garibaldi shirts. They are the handy men in the arena. The procession halts before the presidential loge for a brief salute, whereupon the lady presiding there tosses to the aguacil the key of the pen where the bulls are kept. This officially opens the fight.

The aguacil disappears. The three squadrons parade around the arena, and toss their costly ceremonial cloaks to friends among the audience — usually to ladies, but to-day to wounded soldiers, who have been allotted the best seats near the front, and are the centre of interest and attention. Then the participants, donning more ordinary garb, distribute themselves in the runway along the outer edge of the arena, separated from the ring proper by a low wall about the height of a man. Again the trumpet sounds a familiar and an-

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cient signal and the narrow gate, next to the door through which the fighters entered, swings open to let the first bull into the ring.

The three *diestros*, or master bullfighters, have already arranged the order in which they are to take the field; but the bulls enter the arena as chance may have it. The moment an animal enters the narrow passage leading toward the ring a gate is closed behind him. A man stationed above makes a slight slash in the top of his neck, and the bull is ready to appear. Inasmuch as there are always several in reserve — for the public is particular about its animals — the bullfighters never know which they are going to meet. Moreover, they are busy people, and usually reach the town where they are to fight only shortly before they enter the ring. With these men their profession is merely a business. They are what we might call highly paid skilled workers, whose services are always in good demand.

Now the bull emerges hesitatingly from the narrow gate. Sometimes he comes out very hesitatingly; oftentimes he plunges through like lightning. Following his individual caprice, he charges the red, green, blue, violet, or even the brown cloaks, which the waiting matadors and toreros flutter before his eyes. On occasions he is not interested in colors, and charges at once the picadores, who are ranged around the arena wall, cautiously checking their poor horses. These are blindfolded to prevent their seeing the coming danger. At once the matador, whose business it is to kill the animal later, and the members of his cuadrilla, try to turn the rage of the infuriated bull toward a definite object. They accomplish this by acrobatic artifices, by twisting and turning, by attitudes and feints, for each of which ring experts have an appropriate name. They elude the bull's fury because he charges the cloaks instead of the men themselves. However, his sharp horns repeatedly graze the bodies of his tormentors.

Up to this time the contest is exciting, but graceful and beautiful. However, the scenes that follow make the stranger's flesh creep. They are brutal and ghastly, quite apart from their cruelty; and indeed offend many Spaniards. Soon tiring of their graceful fencing, the matador and his cloak-swinging toreros, endeavor to attract the attention of the now raging animal to the picadores, in case he does not, as often happens, vent his fury of his own accord in that direction. His merits in the eyes of the spectators are measured largely by the number of poor horses he gores.

It is a horrible sight. For that reason the *novilladas*, or little bullfights, where beginners in the profession learn the noble art with less savage animals and without picadores, are pleasanter spectacles for strangers. The picadores try to urge their trembling animals, with the aid of the monosabios, a few metres forward into the arena, and to place themselves in the path of the charging bull so as to invite his attacks. If they succeed, they try to inflict a shallow but bloody wound with their lances in the neck and shoulders of the charging animal. During this manœuvre the bull's horns are apt to catch the horses beneath their bodies, and disembowel them, projecting the riders to the earth. Happy the horse that is worst gored; for his pain is shorter.

Rarely does the maddened bull pause to charge a second time his fallen enemy. If he shows a disposition to do so the cloak-swinging toreros quickly distract his attention to some other object. Red-shirted monosabios help the picadores, who cannot move alertly in their heavy and often armored clothing, to rise and mount again their mangled

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animals, if the latter are still in condition to stand. The picadores are in less personal danger of goring than of injury from the shock of being thrown. Economy encourages keeping the wounded horses in the ring as long as possible, and the public does not protest, unless they are utterly unable to remain in action. Over-economy in horses, however, sometimes provokes a riot.

Another familiar signal of the trumpet. The banderilleros prepare to perform more graceful functions. Not infrequently the matador himself takes a part here, after securing permission from the Presidencia. The picadores and their horses, some with dragging entrails, have left the arena to make ready for the next bull. No pity is shown for these unhappy horses, and if they are able to stand they must come back, wounded and bandaged and even minus organs for the following fight. The rest of the personnel have also left the arena. Only here and there a horse's corpse, already stripped of his saddle and bridle by the monosabios, lies where it fell. The sole occupants of the ring now are the bull and three banderilleros, who wear no cloaks, but flourish *banderillas*, and their leader and master, the matador, supported by a few cloak-swinging comrades, who serve as a reserve and defense for the leading actors in the graceful acrobatic scene which now begins.

A banderilla is a dart some three feet long and half an inch in diameter, decorated with bright-colored paper and having a broad, sharp, barbed point. If the bull has not shown sufficient spirit in the first act, especially in charging the horses, or if he shows too little aggressiveness now, the public will call for fire — *fuego! fuego!* — until the Presidencia orders special banderillas, which have little torpedo-like explosives attached near their points. Each of the three banderilleros in turn must twice set a pair of banderillas in the infuriated bull, placing them as close together as possible along the middle of the back, just behind the shoulders. They can do this only if the bull can be made to charge them at full speed. The banderillero then runs directly to meet the charging beast, nimbly dodges the lunge of his lowered horns, and springing to one side thrusts the two banderillas into the animal's back. You cannot help admiring the daring and skill of these unarmed and unprotected but supple men, in their becoming costumes, as they charge directly at their huge raging antagonist, where a false step or the miscalculation of an inch would doom them to serious injury or death.

By this time the bull, bristling on both sides with the colored darts, his shoulders dripping with blood from the numerous wounds inflicted by the picadores, shows signs of exhaustion. That is the purpose of these preliminary ceremonies. His tongue hangs from his frothing mouth; but he is beside himself with rage, and his fury gives him astonishing celerity and alertness. What makes him a suitable animal for such an exhibition and ensures his final dispatch is his own stupidity. He does not see that his real enemies are the slender, nimble forms which dodge hither and thither; he fancies they are the fluttering, colored cloaks, which he charges again and again with ever renewed rage and fury.

At a sign from the Presidencia the band gives the trumpet signal for the final act. This is the only time the band plays during the fight. Now the matador steps before the presidential loge, repeats a few words of courtesy and homage, dedicating the first bull in accordance with ancient custom to the President. He receives a brief and equally courtly reply. Then he turns to the audience, and salutes some special friend or patron among the specta-

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tors, by tossing him his *gorra*, or three-pointed cap. This is a high distinction, which at the end of the fight is recognized by tossing back the gorra with a generous banknote pinned inside. The matador next takes from his *peon* — that is his favorite torero — his espada — a short sword with an exceedingly sharp point, and his muleta — piece of red cloth of about a square yard's dimension. He then turns to his antagonist. To-day, naturally, the gorra was tossed to a particularly badly wounded soldier as a mark of special distinction.

The final act, which now begins, consists principally of a demonstration of the matador's skill at enticing the bull with his muleta to charge him, or to take a position which will enable him to give the death thrust. The latter should properly be delivered between the threatening horns, at a particular point in the animal's throat next to the windpipe, so as to pierce the lungs and heart. But this is preceded by a marvellous succession of leaps, twists, and turns, touching the animal's horns or nose with his hands, exciting him with the muleta in a kneeling position, and similar scientific bravado. It is a marvellous display of consummate skill and reckless bravery. This is known in Spanish as *filigranas*, a word which properly means a filigree of gold and silver. Every one of the permissible manœuvres which show the matador's mastery of his profession has its special designation. Frantic applause, shouts of approval in the slang of the bullring, and the occasional playing of the band at a signal from the presidential loge, reward each brilliant passage in this byplay. Piercing whistles and deafening catcalls, often helped out with children's trumpets and similar instruments, are the penalty for a single error, or for a move not countenanced by the strict rules of the game. Applause and disapproval are bestowed upon the bull as well as the matador. This part of the spectacle is fascinating. It portrays courage, grace, and skill bidding defiance to brute force and anger. If a matador violates the rules of the ring, he is called to order by the President, who waves a red cloth, which is followed by a trumpet signal. Three registered errors expose a matador to a heavy fine and to replacement by the matador of another cuadrilla. Unsatisfactory bulls are taken back to their pens before the banderillero acts. After the first pair of banderillas have been thrust in their backs they must be kept in the arena until the end of the fight.

Naturally the interest in the final episode depends largely upon the bull himself. If he is easily enraged and keeps charging the muleta, the matador has every opportunity to display his skill. If not, the game is more difficult, and also more dangerous, while at the same time less showy. Finally the bull takes for a single instant just the proper pose. He stands with his four feet together and his head lowered for a new attack. That is the orthodox attitude; it exposes for just a second the vital point in his throat. With a bold spring the matador reaches between his horns, and delivers a powerful slanting thrust from in front and above, driving his short sword in to the hilt.

Naturally, he is not always successful. The thrust is not strong enough or an unanticipated movement parries it, or he hits a bone. In that case the sword flies out again circling high in the air, and the matador takes position for a new attack. Occasionally the sharp point unintentionally severs the vertebræ of the neck and instantly kills the bull; but that is looked upon as a clumsy error.

If the thrust strikes home there is a gush of blood from the bull's mouth, a stumbling stagger, and all is over. If the wound goes no deeper than the lungs the fatally stricken animal sways

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a moment and sinks to its knees; in which case the matador must give him the *descabello*, a sword thrust in the back of the neck, severing the spinal cord. If the animal is so badly wounded that it no longer responds to the challenge of the waving muleta, the *puntillero* of the cuadrilla is entitled to give the animal its *coup de grâce* with his *puñal*, a short sharp knife, which he thrusts between the vertebræ of the dying beast.

If the fight has gone well and pleased the audience the final act is greeted with deafening applause. The spectators throw hats, fans, cigars, cigarettes, or money, and some enthusiasts even their coats, into the arena, where they are quickly picked up by the cuadrilla attendants. Turning toward the Presidential loge the people shout amidst a cloud of waving handkerchiefs: *La oreja*, or *Las dos*, or even *El rabo*, meaning that the President shall, as a special distinction, bestow an ear, two ears, or even the tail of the victim upon the matador; whereupon the latter receives likewise the whole body of the animal. The President waves the red signal cloth already mentioned as a token of his assent. Attendants rush in and cut off these symbols of distinction and hand them to the victor. The latter bows his thanks in front of the presidential loge, and circles the arena once, twice, or three times, acknowledging the applause and waving his greetings to the audience. In the course of this triumphal promenade he tosses the trophies of the animal, which he has just received, to some good friend in the seats above, and his followers throw back to their owners the various articles of clothing which have been cast into the ring by enthusiastic admirers.

Ordinarily from six to eight bulls are thus slaughtered during a corrida; but every fight has its peculiar and unexpected episodes.

After the first half of the corrida I attended, the gates were opened. The two military bands and the city orchestra paraded around the arena followed by a procession of guitar and mandolin players. Some five hundred soldiers of the Malaga garrison, in full dress uniform, marched in after the music, singing solemnly and effectively a marching song which has recently become very popular in Spain: *La canción del soldado*. Its music was written by Serraño and its text by Sinesis Delgado. The effect upon the public was indescribable. Enthusiasm rose higher with every stanza. The newspapers speak of the song as *La españolisima canción*, the most Spanish of songs. It is heard from every troop train and at every farewell ceremony to the departing soldiers. On the present occasion a famous actor declaimed to the accompaniment of guitars and mandolins, the short 'commander's address to his forces,' which is interposed between the verses of the song. At this point enthusiasm reached a climax. At the conclusion of the chorus an encore was stormily demanded. The five hundred singers caught the emotion of the throng; and the repetition was even more fiery and effective than the first rendition. *Vitori! Vitori!* was heard now even from the ranks of the chorus. Its members hurled their *gorillos de cuartel* — little round field caps — high in the air. The verse —

Madre de mi corazón
No te des pesar por mi
Que sirviendo a mi bandera
Es como te sirvo a ti

[Mother of my heart,
Have no care for me,
In serving my Banner,
I 'm serving but thee.] —

evoked even deeper emotion than the first time it was sung. There was not a lady in the great circle of spectators who had not her handkerchief to her eyes.

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A second time, again to the accompaniment of the stringed instruments, the actor declaimed impressively the commander's address to his soldiers, when they swear allegiance to the colors: —

Soldiers, this flag which your country entrusts to you incorporates for us our holy Fatherland. He is a traitor who deserts it or lets it be sullied. For that treason the Fatherland has no forgiveness.

This, too, was even more effective than before. Cheers and acclamations were now addressed mainly to the long rows of wounded soldiers in the foremost circles; those sitting nearest them spoke private words of gratitude and recognition. Each succeeding verse lifted higher the wave of patriotic exaltation. A touch of tenderness and sadness toward the end rose in the final stanza to a high note of courage and devotion, which was received with a thunder of applause that it seemed would never cease: —

Madre mia: Patria mia:
Cuanda salgo a la compaña,
Tu recuerdo me accompaña
Entre el ruido del canon
Y gritando: Viva España!
Se me ensancha el corazón.

[My Motherland: My Fatherland:
When I sally forth to war,
Thy memory 's ever my companion —
In the shriek of battle, the roar of cannon;
When I shout: Live Spain forever!
Love and courage my heart expand.]

At a signal from the bandmaster of the Borbon regiment the applause finally dies down, and all three bands play the Royal March, whose composer was our own Frederick the Great. So long as its majestic notes resound through the arena the audience is perfectly still; everyone has risen, not a head remains covered. Not until the last sound dies away does the audience begin slowly to disperse with thundering cheers for Spain and her army.

A HOLIDAY IN HOLLAND

BY A CORRESPONDENT

From the *Times, Dutch Supplement, December* 6
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IN his delightful Japanese letters Lafcadio Hearn writes enthusiastically to Professor Chamberlain: 'I have discovered Yabase; no European seems to have ever been here before.' Most of us who have traveled will understand this feeling of pleasurable excitement at being the first to penetrate to the very heart of a foreign country. Alas! we are generally mistaken, and must, like Hearn, add a postscript to our letters, confessing that someone (though possibly not 'a detestable missionary') was there before us, even 'for one hour only it is true.' Still, though our illusions be shattered, we cling to our dream and remember with the greatest joy the holidays that took us farthest from the beaten track.

The only difficulty in accomplishing

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our purpose lies in the fact that it has become more and more difficult to find these places within reasonable distance of our homes and without spending a great deal of money. Camping out does not appeal equally to all of us, motoring is a costly pleasure, and so we often stifle our longings and return again and again to the overcrowded beaches we know only too well. A little energy, however, would enable us to discover within a twenty-four hours' journey the very place of our dreams, and that not farther afield than Holland. Some of our countrymen may have been there before us, but the number is so small that we may retain the exciting feeling of being explorers in an unknown land.

The west of Holland is entirely different from the east. Mr. Grew says that most of the visitors to this country carry away from it an impression of flat, treeless pastures stretching to the horizon, intersected by canals, dotted with windmills and black-and-white cows, because most visitors to Holland never penetrate very far east or west; and, in fact, the tourist area is nearly as limited as the bulb district, for the majority of travelers content themselves with flying visits to the famous towns near the coast — The Hague, Delft, Dordrecht, Haarlem, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and perhaps Marken.

They have never seen the more remote of the islands of Zeeland, though perhaps they have visited Middelburg and Veere, never dreaming that Zeeland could offer them other cities just as interesting and other landscapes just as delightful. They have never traveled eastward, beyond Utrecht, to that open, rolling country, where quaint little towns lie dreaming on the edge of the Zuider Zee, and an hour's walk brings them from the sandy beach to the purple moors. Perhaps an attempt to describe two of the comparatively unknown parts of Holland may induce an enterprising traveler in search of a novel holiday to set out on a pilgrimage to the island of Schouwen, or the country round Nunspeet and Elburg. He will, we feel sure, not think on his return that we have been too lavish in our praise.

The best and easiest way of reaching Zierikzee, the chief town of the island of Schouwen, is by steamer from Middelburg, on the island of Walcheren. Middelburg itself is only a quarter of an hour by train from Flushing. The very energetic may leave London in the evening, arrive at Middelburg in the early morning, and take the one o'clock boat to Zierikzee, getting there in about three hours. The wise will, however, prefer to take things more calmly, and spend a day, or, should they have plenty of time at their disposal, a few days in visiting Middelburg and its environs. It is indeed difficult to resist the temptation of describing this town; as an English writer says: 'Middelburg has in it the most charming examples of architecture and costumes that one could wish to see.' All those who claim to have done Holland thoroughly know Walcheren and its towns, but few have made the journey to Zierikzee.

And yet, what can be more delightful than to start on a bright spring morning from the Middelburg quay, where the shadows of the lime trees play on the gabled fronts of the houses or on the quiet waters of the canal? On the towpath along the banks the farm carts pass on their way to market, and the girls peep out of the shelter of large white hoods; strange-looking brown birds perch on the telegraph wires — cuckoos resting from their travels over sea and land. Soon the slender tower of Veere, mysteriously satisfying in its lovely proportions, stands out against the blue sky. After a short delay in the locks the steamer continues her course

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through the inland waters between the islands of North and South Beveland. Most picturesque is the parting glimpse of Veere, the little town looks almost as though a magic wand had transplanted it from the background of some old Flemish altar piece. All around stretches a world of water and of sky, bathed in a luminous haze, pearl-like in its soft shades of gray and blue and pink. The land on either side is only seen as a long green strip, and were it not for a church spire or a farmhouse roof half hidden by trees, it would seem as unreal and as vapory as the line of clouds on the horizon. Turning to the left the steamer enters the channel called 'het Engelsche vaarwater' (the English channel), leading through the shoals and past the sandbanks of the Oosterschelde. Navigation here is difficult and can be dangerous, but on a fine day the perils of wintry gales are forgotten, and most of the passengers are keenly interested in trying to catch sight of the seals sunning themselves on the yellow sands. The trip is nearly over; already the massive tower of Zierikzee is clearly seen, soon the canal leading to the harbor is reached, and the steamer draws alongside the quay.

Zierikzee is one of the most ancient cities of Holland. Her history is far from being a peaceful one. Her annals tell of long sieges, of hard-won victories over numerous assailants, of revolts, of sea fights, and of glorious struggles against the tyranny of Spain. Days of prosperity followed when her ships traded all over the world, 'even to wild Scotland,' to be succeeded by days of decay when the old city saw her commerce slowly decline and her glories fade away. Her walls have been replaced by shady pleasant paths along the former moats, but the gates are still relics of her warlike past. The south harbor-gate is a strongly fortified building, with a turret at each corner and a quaint little belfry that gives something of airy grace to the massive fortress. The north harbor-gate, with its gabled front, is an interesting specimen of Flemish Renaissance architecture. This north harbor-gate is simply a passage between two groups of old houses, the outer walls of which have been built into a bastion. At the end of a tree-shaded 'Gracht' stands the Nobel-poort, with its two towers, known as 'Anne' and 'Maria,' said to be the names of the two ladies who erected this fortified gate. These gates of Zierikzee have a peculiar fascination, which many a painter has tried to transfer to canvas.

Zierikzee is an ideal city for the artist and the photographer; its narrow winding streets contain many curious buildings, some dating from the late Middle Ages. The 'gravensteen' and the town-hall were probably the work of architects from Mechelen. One of the most famous — Kelderman — built the Gothic tower of St. Lieven's Church. This huge pile was intended to attain a height of 200 metres, but, owing to a storm that destroyed the greater part of the merchant vessels of Zierikzee, the money and the men were lacking to carry out the original plan. The splendid Gothic church, of which this was the belfry, was burnt down in 1832, and the ugly building erected in its place is a sad example of the bad taste of those days. The tower and the church lie outside the town in a square planted with acacias and elms, a quiet, deserted spot, in harmony with the melancholy grandeur of the old belfry, itself a symbol of the prosperity which has long ceased to exist. On market days the streets of Zierikzee regain something of their former animation, and the farm women, in flowing white lace caps, drive a brisk trade in butter, eggs, and other dairy produce. Zierikzee is not only an interesting city, but

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an excellent starting-place for exploring the country around, either by steam-tram, motor, or bicycle. Cycling is perhaps the easiest and best means of getting about, and travelers intending to visit the remoter parts of Holland should certainly bring their bicycles, or, should this be an impossibility, hire them.

One of the most attractive drives is that from Zierikzee to Haamstede, in the western part of the island of Schouwen. The road lies on the top of the dyke, and the outlook over the fields to the villages hidden amidst the trees is to the foreigner a novelty; but lovers of bird life will certainly prefer the view on the other side of the dyke. Between this inner dyke and the sea lie a series of shallow pools, protected from the waves by an outer dyke; over these lagoons are scattered marshy islands, the refuge of innumerable waterfowl. In spring sea-gulls breed there by the hundred, and their eggs are so numerous that it is almost impossible to walk over these islands without breaking them. The harsh cries of the mother birds as they swoop down to scare the intruder, the fluttering white wings all around, the countless eggs underfoot, the queer nestlings huddled together, form a picture which once seen is not easily forgotten.

There is, however, something melancholy in the thought that where the waves now dance so merrily there once stood prosperous villages; Borrendamme, Zuidkerke, Simonskerke have all been swallowed up by the raging waters. The legend runs that Westerschouwen was cursed by a merman, whose wife the inhabitants had stolen, and nothing was left of the village but a tower, since destroyed. Of late years, owing to the perfect construction of the dykes, such catastrophes have become rare. The first village reached on the way to Haamstede is Burgh, a pleasant little place, with a fine old church surrounded by fruit trees. The building contains some marble monuments, good wood-carving, and a stained-glass window — fine examples of seventeenth-century work. Several of the village churches of Schouwen are well worth seeing; some date from the fourteenth century, others were erected between 1600 and 1700, but all have that originality so attractive in Dutch buildings. Their towers, such as those, for instance, at Nieuwkerke and Oosterland, have an individuality all their own. In his remarkable book, *Old Houses in Holland*, Mr. Sidney Jones has admirably described this characteristic feature of Dutch architecture: 'Not fettered by artificial conventions, or limited by unyielding laws, the designers were able to give scope to their invention.' This is still more the case in domestic art — house building — and nearly every village has some curious specimen of the homes of olden days. Those interested in such matters will find many a stepped gable and carved window-head along the village streets.

Not far from Burgh lies Haamstede, a pretty village with an old castle, more quaint perhaps than beautiful. The gates opening on the village square lead to a delightful park with leafy avenues passing through the woodland to the very edge of the dunes. These dunes are hills of sand blown by the sea wind into high ridges and deep hollows, thickly carpeted with wild flowers and overgrown with shrubs. Near the sea, on the crest of the sandhills, grow the silver-leaved thorns covered in autumn with orange berries; farther inland the 'vlakken,' or dales, are densely wooded, for birch, pine, and a thick undergrowth of privet flourish in this sandy soil. Here and there are wide clearings, sometimes with a pool shining amid the tangled greenery.

The dunes are the home of many

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rare birds; the neighborhood also abounds in game, such as pheasants, woodcock, rabbits, and hares. Beyond the dunes, at about an hour's walk from Haamstede, the waves of the North Sea beat on the sandy beach. The shore is lonely enough, and lovers of solitude will find at last what they have so long sought — a beautiful beach unspoilt by trippers. Haamstede has a comfortable hotel, and the walks and drives are full of interest. One of the prettiest is the walk to Renesse, along a delightful lane at the foot of the dunes. Bulb-growing has been tried here with success, and in spring the squares of bright color add to the beauty of the landscape. Near Renesse is the picturesque manor-house of Moermont — like Haamstede, the home of many a brave knight of the Middle Ages.

The other villages of Schouwen — Oosterland, Nieuwkerke, Brouwershaven, etc. — are reached by pleasant roads, more like shady avenues than highways. Each village, perfect in itself, offers some novel aspect to the traveler, who will be fully repaid for the effort he has made to visit this neighborhood.

Just as interesting to the foreigner as Zierikzee and the surrounding country is the land on the southern shore of the Zuider Zee. The great charm of this district consists in the strong contrast between the fertile pastures along the coast and the wild moorland beyond. The railway line seems, oddly enough, to separate the meadow from the heath. Traveling from Amersfoort to Nunspeet, for instance, nothing can be seen on the left but fields and farmhouses, with their steeply pitched thatched roofs. Beyond the meadows a brown sail seems to float over the grass, and in the haze on the horizon it is difficult to make out the dividing line between land and sea. To the right the landscape is entirely different; there lie corn and rye fields with thick hedges, with here and there a clump of pines, a group of oak trees, a few acres of moorland, strangely at variance with the intensive cultivation so usual in Holland.

Nunspeet is certainly the best place at which to make a longer stay; the hotel is excellent, and from the pretty village it is easy to explore the whole district. Mr. Marshall, the well-known architect and photographer, writes: 'This old village is a veritable Mecca for artists, especially for its charm of form and color and the interesting types of its people.' Thanks to the narrow tracks, 'bicycle-paths' the Dutch call them, laid out by the Touring Society over the wildest part of the country, it is quite easy to walk or to cycle without undue fatigue to the beautiful Leuvenum woods and the purple moors round the little lake of Uddel. Those who imagine Holland to be a grazing country, where large woods are unknown, will be struck by the beauty of the forest of stately beeches near the village of Putten. The views from the heights of Garderen and of Oldebroek are lovely; nothing can be finer than the coloring of the heather country, with its varied shades of light pink and deep purple, contrasting with the soft green of the meadows along the shore and the bright blue of the sea beyond. Years of separation from the outer world have caused the people of this neighborhood to retain many of their old customs. The costumes of the women and children are original, and on Sundays the churchgoers with their coral necklaces, their silver shoe-buckles, and the strangely shaped gold bands encircling their heads, give an impression of wealth decidedly out of keeping with their frugal, hardworking lives. In the early summer most of the cottagers leave their homes and go out

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eeken — peeling the bark off the oak trees. The whole family sets off together; sometimes even the babies, closely wrapped up in their numerous garments, are taken along. Mr. van der Ven, a well-known Dutch writer, has given an amusing description of the *eekers* at their daily work, and contrasts their warmly clad infants with those of the holiday makers at Nunspeet. Other authors have recorded the legends told by the grandmothers over the pots of rice cooked in milk, the favorite food of the Gelderland peasant. These tales are not lacking in that strangeness which has an element of beauty, and tell of haunted roads, of the wild huntsman riding on stormy nights following his ghostly pack, and of white ladies enticing the lonely wanderer to join their magic dance.

In the farmhouses of the *polder*, the land reclaimed from the sea, the peasants are generally wealthier, but work just as hard.

In these outlying farms we shall find some of the most unspoilt and beautiful interiors to be seen in the country, immaculate in their cleanliness, artistic in their arrangements, and replete with specimens of old furniture and Delft earthenware.

Their gardens are delightful, enclosed by hedges of clipped box, with quaint arbors, and with beds full of fragrant old-fashioned flowers. The three little towns of the North Veluwe, the name by which this part of Gelderland is known, are amongst the most charming of the small cities of Holland. Harderwijk, the one nearest Nunspeet, is reached from the station by an avenue of double rows of lime trees. The walls have been pulled down, but the town has still kept its atmosphere of bygone days.

There is a walk along the Zuider Zee on the edge of a field, where the white-capped waves break quite close to the path, and the houses of Harderwijk, with their red roofs, seem in their pleasing irregularity to belong to some old picture.

Harderwijk has a gate-house turned into a lighthouse, and some curious façades belonging to the time when it was a flourishing university. Elburg, on the other side of Nunspeet, is one of the rare examples left of a fortified harbor dating from the Middle Ages. Alas! most of the walls and three of the four gates have been ruthlessly destroyed, but enough remains to repay the careful study of archæologists. Other travelers will enjoy strolling through the narrow streets to the stately old church close to the ancient rampart. Still more fascinating is the principal street with a canal running down the middle, and spotlessly clean houses sheltering behind lime trees, suggestive of a Dutch Cranford. On the outskirts of the town quaint summer-houses peep out high above the hedges of the gardens, so as to enable the burghers of a past generation to watch the arrival of the coach, the most exciting event of their daily life.

From Elburg to Hattum the road leads first through the meadowland, then over the hills and down again to the pastures. Hattum is, as Pepys would say, 'a most sweete town,' with a picturesque marketplace and delightful views over the river Yssel, flowing in shining curves through the lush and vivid water-meadows. It is a favorite haunt of artists, and one of the most famous of modern Dutch landscape painters, Voerman, has rendered with marvelous fidelity the misty gold and glamour of the old town seen at sunset.

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A DIVERSION WITH THOMAS

BY A. E. COPPARD

[Mr. A. E. Coppard is an English poet and writer of fanciful tales who has lately been attracting a good deal of attention. His volume of tales, Adam and Eve and Pinch Me, *was one of the first books to appear from the Golden Cockerel Press, the most recent English experiment in non-commercial coöperative publishing, and a second volume of tales is in preparation.]*

From the *Manchester Guardian*
(RADICAL LIBERAL DAILY)

'THE town is enchantment itself, very small and shy and delightful; historical, you know, and all the suitable monuments, priory, ramparts, manor, alleys and gateways, a tower where a marchioness was smothered, and a guild of something or other. Can't rush into that brooding repose by train, can you, now? Must draw nigh reverently and behold it. . . . We will go,' declared my friend Pondicherry, hooking a compass to his watch chain and pocketing a map, 'on foot. The day will be fine and hearty.'

Pondicherry was a man of great parts but small person, guardedly rotund, with a face that seemed unused to amusement. He was always as spick-and-span as a new envelope, and at least once a day he polished the gold or gilded parts of his spectacles with a piece of soft leather which he concealed in his purse.

'Yes, on foot let us go,' agreed I. I took my stick, he brought out his umbrella and his little son Thomas, a modest lad.

'Exceptionally intelligent, that child, really,' explained Pondicherry to me. 'So moving to watch his mind unfold. What is a father if he is no more than a parent? Absurd. He must be guide, philosopher, friend, a refuge, an encyclopædia; in fact, the whole bag of tricks in one. It is delightful. Far be that day when he no longer needs me. The hope of society is the *genus* boy; it responds. Dear me, how that child responds! Would you believe it . . . ?' And so on, and so on.

Away went we and came to a hedged lane, a wide, grassy track exceeding full of ruts and stones and hillocks and mud.

'I never set foot upon a Roman road —' began my friend.

'Is this a Roman road?' I exclaimed.

'Yes, the genuine article,' declared Pondicherry, 'straight from the Cæsars. I never set foot upon a Roman road but that some essence of history creeps from boot to brain and I march with Agricola and his cohorts.'

'Father,' interposed Thomas, 'what is a cohort?'

'Cohort is a body of soldiers.'

'I thought it was a fowl.'

'A fowl, my boy! But you know what a fowl is?'

At that moment a loud and vehement countrywoman hailed us. 'Be they your boys?' She appeared from a small house set between an orchard and a couple of yards, one of which was full of pigs and the other of dung. 'Be they your boys?' she raged. We declared that we knew nothing of any boys; what boys?

'Thousands an 'em, just gone by, not five minutes, like a flock of locusts; two bushels of codlins stole from my archard

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and a duck trod on; it's murder. Be they your boys?'

Mr. Pondicherry again said 'No.'

'Then whose be they?' roared the violent woman.

'I have n't the least idea,' replied he.

'I don't care whose they be or what they be,' cried the fury, shaking her fist at my friend, 'they ought to be poisoned, that's it and all.'

I led my friends away to safety, explaining to them that we were apparently in the track of some rascally boys and were being blamed for their misdeeds.

'Father, what is a purgatory?'

'A kind of half-way house to the deuce knows where.'

'House! I thought it was a swimming-bath.'

'A swimming-bath, my boy! But you know what a swimming-bath is?'

We heard shouting and the music of bugles, a gamut unmatched for indelicacy, but what advanced toward us was a fat sheep, incredibly nimble, pursued by a man of whose nimbleness the sheep made mockery and scoff.

'All my ship be going the Lord knows wheres,' cried the panting, distracted drover, 'all through a gang o' boys—be they yourn? May they be fog-lasted. You put 'em at a job o' work, master, or I 'll have their blood. I had to come back for this 'ere un, I had to come back. Be they your boys, master?'

'No,' said Pondicherry hurriedly, and we began to help the man with his animal. But getting it back was not so easy as getting the camel through the eye of its peculiar needle; and after immense exertions the sweating drover begged us to go and collect his flock, somewhere up the lane, and drive them back to him. Only by such means could this monster be persuaded. 'She'll go with 'em, but not without 'em. And keep all your boys from me, or their blood I 'll have, I will.'

Into the fields went we, but how futile. It was by the river that we ran into a party of these mythical miscreants, fifty skullcaps, each with a colored knob atop, blue, yellow, green, red, white, and beneath each cap walked a larrikin of the *genus* boy. He had a bugle or he had a bat, had a ball, a stick, a yell. We could not escape them, and anguish dropped from Mr. Pondicherry's eyes as we approached the Ancient Place in the tail of a troop of these exasperating fiends.

Pondicherry almost sobbed: 'It is one entire horror to me, this horde, this rabble, tragic. The whole spirit of the place, the eloquence and dignity of history, is being smitten, as it were, in the nose, smack! The very soul of poetry is wounded; abominable!'

Pondicherry was right, and these imps were everywhere, in alley and garden, priory, ramparts, manor and gateway, mocking even the glamour of the very tower where the marchioness was smothered. Places of mere refreshment were, of course, denuded of every bottle and bun. By heavens, it was impossible to obtain the small relish of a gingerpop for the exhausted Thomas; so in anger and hunger we gave up the Ancient Place and retreated to the station.

'No, I know nothing of these monsters, sir,' declared my friend Pondicherry to the station-master very abruptly and passionately, for boys were already on the platform before us; many others behind were joyously marshaling for the train. 'They are,' he continued to me, 'the curse of society, a blight, a catastrophe. May I be switched!'

Then a tall man came upon the platform, an old acquaintance whom I had not seen for years. I went up to him.

'My dear fellow,' he cried, 'is that you? Well, now!' After a few exchanges I learnt that he was now a

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master at the famous school in the neighborhood. He had come over in charge of two or three hundred boys.

'I have seen them,' I murmured; 'a band of vipers, indeed.'

He grinned. 'Yes, rather a handful. I arranged for them to walk over, just to tone them down — ten miles, you know. I came over by train this morning early, so as to get the town to myself. Adorable place, is n't it? So calm, so mature, so full of languor; just exquisite, don't you think?'

'My friend,' I exclaimed with emotion, 'come and tell it over to Pondicherry — come.'

We moved through crowds of boys, who seemed suddenly transformed into well-looking modest youths of behavior and breeding. They touched their skullcaps to my friend, murmuring, 'Good afternoon, sir,' with almost an excess of politeness.

'Bottle, my boy!' Pondicherry was crying as we approached; 'but surely you know what a bottle is?'

A NOTE ON WALLER'S POEMS

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

[*Mr. Aldington is one of the leaders of the English Imagist poets, who sometimes publishes deft bits of criticism as well as poetry.*]

From *To-Day, December*
(LITERARY QUARTERLY)

IF Waller's poetry is to give us pleasure we must find a new approach; or, if this proves impossible, at least we must try to clarify our ideas about it. The usual discussion of Waller's smoothness is extremely tiresome, and the claims made on behalf of his intrinsic excellence by seventeenth and eighteenth century admirers now appear inaccurate and exaggerated. Too often, in lieu of criticism, the musty biographical anecdotes have been repeated; for, in spite of the large amount of writing devoted to Waller, his poetry has seldom been criticized with any freshness of perception. Neither Mr. Gosse nor Mr. Thorn Drury really succeeds in showing that Waller's poetry may be read with zest and pleasure. Perhaps that is an impossibility, but it would be pleasant to feel that a liking for Waller can exist apart from antiquarian zeal for what is quaint and half-forgotten. On the other hand, Mr. Gosse is certainly sound when he says that Waller made a revolution in English poetry. Perhaps a little reading in French poetry is of some service in understanding Mr. Gosse's contention. We must imagine Waller charming his contemporaries with somewhat the same manner with which Voiture charmed the Hôtel de Rambouillet; and furthermore, we must think of his effect upon English poetry as analogous to that of Malherbe upon French poetry. This seems indisputable to me, and I think it no argument to show that there were smooth lines be-

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fore Waller, and that Dryden came after him; there were 'classic' poems before Malherbe, and Boileau carried on the work he only began. A careful reading of Johnson's remarks on Waller shows that he regarded Waller's action much as French critics regard that of Malherbe.

Waller represents a type of later Renaissance culture. That is the secret of his attraction for his own age. He is the man of wealth and breeding, whose manners receive a final polish from an elegant accomplishment in verse. Waller was one of the first, in a sense the very first, of 'the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease.' To our own time it sounds ridiculous to speak of a nation realizing itself in the creation, not of wealth and technical appliances, but of a certain type of man; and it sounds almost more absurd to speak of poetry as giving aristocratic prestige. But in the seventeenth century the intellectual and æsthetic energy of the Renaissance had not yet spent itself in disillusion and fallacy; ignorance and sport had not yet become the sole marks of social superiority. So that Waller, with his Voiture-like elegance and polish, his modish wit, his charming mediocrity, became the model for many who aspired to a certain kind of social completeness. Waller's poetry is the triumph of courtly mediocrity over native genius. He showed how most educated gentlemen might add poetry to their accomplishments. To turn some trifling thought in neat clear verse, to 'expatiate genially' on some topic of an hour, to please royal or otherwise eminent persons with politely exaggerated praise — in these Waller excelled. He showed the mob of gentlemen how French elegance might be fitted with an English dress, and they repaid him with extravagant praise like this: —

'Impartial reasoning will tell us there is as much due to the memory of Mr. Waller as to the most celebrated names of antiquity.' [1690]

These services could not have preserved him readers for many generations. As Johnson very rightly observes: 'The general character of his [Waller's] poetry is elegance and gayety. He is never pathetic, and very rarely sublime. He seems neither to have had a mind elevated by nature nor amplified by learning. His thoughts are such as a liberal conversation and large acquaintance with life would easily supply. They had, however, then, that grace of novelty, which they are now often supposed to want by those who, having already found them in later books, do not know or inquire who produced them first.'

Throughout the eighteenth century Waller's reputation, when not merely conventional, was based ostensibly on the famous smoothness, but actually on a confused realization, implied in the term, of his Malherbe-like reform. We may call it a castration of the language, an abatement of the glories of English poetry; we may regret that the earlier, subtler, more virile tradition was lost; but we cannot deny that the change took place or that Waller played an early but decisive part in that change. Given the development of poetry on the Continent and recognizing that English poetry generally follows a foreign development (but follows it with indocility and genius), it is hard to see how this change could have been avoided. Waller arouses our interest now as one of those who curbed the violent individuality and exuberance of the Renaissance, lightened its pedantry, substituting for its ideal of glory an ideal of perfection of taste and refinement. Saint-Evremond, we are told, returned to England from Holland because of 'Mr. Cowley and Mr. Waller.' Perhaps that gives us another clue to Waller's prestige — he belonged to

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the party of refinement, the party of 'ease, gallantry, and wit,' which found its ablest allies among the frequenters of the Hôtel de Rambouillet and their successors.

What gift of 'absolute poetry' — poetry not dependent upon fashion or tradition — Waller possessed is more difficult to determine. Fenton (1730) calls 'The Story of Phœbus and Daphne Apply'd' 'one of the most beautiful poems in our own or any other modern language.' And when we read of

> Thyrsis, a youth of the inspired train,
> Fair Sacharissa lov'd, but lov'd in vain,

we try equally 'in vain' to fit Fenton's words to our perception of the poem. It has 'ease and gallantry' and a certain sort of wit; but even dressed in Latin it is inferior to the better poems of Flaminio, Bembo, and 'smooth Sannazar,' which are now seldom read and seldom praised. The choice of 'Sacharissa' as an ideal name for a real mistress seems, to a modern taste by itself, a species of damnation to a poet. Waller's verses generally lack precision of epithet and exactness of observation; they have not even that sensuous delight in lovely words which gives so delicate a bloom to the Cinquecento poetry from which they are ultimately descended.

For one precise beautiful metaphor: —

> Like track of leverets in morning snow,

how many that are vapid, conventional, exaggerated, how many: —

> The ship at anchor, like a fixed rock,
> Breaks the proud billows which her large sides knock.

To praise Waller's lyrics with the extravagance of some writers is to do him more harm than good by arousing an expectation which these poems cannot satisfy. But in his own vein of hyperbolical flattery he sometimes hits on a charming idea and expresses it in perfectly framed language — *vers de société* written when verse was disciplined and society was ceremonious.

> And as pale sickness does invade
> Your frailer part, the breaches made
> In that fair lodging, still more clear
> Make the bright guest, your soul, appear,
> So nymphs o'er pathless mountains borne,
> Their light robes by the brambles torn
> From their fair limbs, exposing new
> And unknown beauties to the view
> Of following gods, increase their flame
> And haste to catch the flying game.

But when we turn to Waller's gratulatory official verse we are constantly affronted by absurdities.

Hyperbole, ridiculous in itself and spun out beyond measure, is one of the most usual and defective of Waller's figures. Yet he is a poet whose charm increases by frequentation, so that in time we come to read him for his excellencies — for his gift of swift lively narrative, for example — passing with pious haste over his faults.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

THE PERSONAL ELEMENT

BY GEOFFREY DEARMER

[*Outlook*]

If God came down to you and spake —
'Speak but the word and I will make
Ten poets twice as good as you,'
O budding bard, what would you do?

You might say, 'God, there are enough,'
But would not that be rather rough
On starving publishers and those
Who love our poetry and prose?

But oh, I know it would be hard
To sacrifice for Song the bard,
Unless the bard were someone who
Was not one's self nor, Reader, you.

Because — although the mode may nourish
Forms which for a while may flourish —
The fault — does not this poem show it? —
Of any poem is the poet.

I know a bard — a feverish clod
Who thinks his thoughts come straight from God;
Who sings for praise and treats as dust
Dead bards who sang because they must.

Who often wistfully remarks,
When admiration's scoring sparks
For someone else's song are lit —
'I wish that I had written it!'

ANOTHER EPITAPH

[*Cambridge Review*]

A scholar gone! think this of him —
Scant of heart, of insight dim;
Portentous memory overpack'd,
Crushed life with indigested fact;
He loved the things that matter naught,
Mistrusted genius, doubted thought;
He taught with conscientious zest
What most should deaden interest,
And still conceived the cause to seek
Why human beings hated Greek.

FAUNA

BY LOUIS GOLDING

[*Saturday Review*]

Proud pumas stalking sombrely
Through the hushed forests of his brain;
A broad baboon on a squat haunch,
A macaw on a twisted branch,
Slow snakes that wax and wane.

These things by day. What things by night
Traverse those shuddering glades?
Nothing stands clear. Never a moon
To silk the coat of bird, baboon!
Naught through the solid midnight hewn
Save the fierce eyes of shades!

HAPPINESS

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

[*Outlook*]

Not that the battle was over,
Not that we had won and I safe,
Not that the last battery was silent,
Not that I was too tired for misery,
Not from these came happiness —
But from the stars, the dusky moon,
The black distant autumn wood,
The dark bodies of sleeping men in the moonlight
As if all but the sentries were dead.

Happiness struggled in my weary soul
Like a child in the strained womb.

The mist lay in the valley,
Flat between two hills,
Like cream in a rough brown bowl.
We talked in whispers of the battle,
And the frost and the casualties . . .

How can I speak it,
How stab you with my certainties?
That night I was at peace,
Sharply aware of beauty,
Poised, confident, tolerant, at ease,
One that had conquered others and himself,
One that had paid full fee for happiness.

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'THE FAIRY FLUTE'

READERS of *Punch* — and who does n't read *Punch?* — will be glad to find in book form still more of the fairy songs of Miss Rose Fyleman, which have from time to time appeared in the immortal comic journal. Miss Fyleman's verse is very unpretentious and very beautiful.

> It plumbs no social problems,
> It probes no social shame,

for it is concerned with the descendants of Queen Mab and with them alone. It conveys valuable and important information — such, for example, as this: —

> Fairies learn to dance before they learn to walk;
> Fairies learn to sing before they learn to talk;
> Fairies learn their counting from the cuckoo's call;
> They do not learn Geography at all.
>
> Fairies go a-riding with witches on their brooms
> And steal away the rainbows to brighten up their rooms;
> Fairies like a sky-dance better than a feast;
> They have a birthday once a week at least.

It is also a guide to etiquette. It will save the reader embarrassment — should he ever be called on by a fairy — to ponder Miss Fyleman's hints on what to do under these circumstances: —

> Show her round the garden,
> Round the house too,
> She 'll want to see the kitchen
> (I know they always do).
>
> Find a tiny present
> To give her when she goes,
> They love silver paper
> And little ribbon bows.

And it also is a useful compendium and a handy vademecum of abstruse and unexpected information. A cat named Timothy — how few cats are named Timothy! — may be a fairy prince in disguise, and a canary may be a lazy fairy who declined either to work or to play, and so got most deservedly turned out of fairyland. Finally, fairies occur in the most unlikely places. Miss Fyleman describes one in a poem called, 'In Bond Street': —

> Upon her little velvet hat
> A silken tassel hung,
> And to the very end of that
> A tiny fairy clung.
>
> Among her curls he bobbed about
> And played at hide-and-seek
> With every dimple that came out
> Upon her chin or cheek.

Not many people can make little songs sing themselves as can this grown-up sister of the Little People. Hear her describe herself in years to come: —

> I shall be a lady
> As pretty as you please,
> And I-shall-have-a-garden
> With lots of flowers and trees,
>
> A pretty little kitchen
> With rows of shining pots,
> A hothouse full of peaches
> And a nursery full of cots.

A NEW PINERO PLAY

A NEW play by Sir Arthur Pinero, the title of which has not been announced, will be presented in London early this year. The theatrical rights have been acquired by Mr. Owen Nares and Mr. B. A. Meyer, who will make their first venture as managers at one of the West-End theatres.

This will be the first long play by Sir Arthur Pinero to be produced in London since February 1918, when *The Freaks* was produced at the New Theatre. Since then, however, there have been musical versions of a num-

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ber of his earlier works, including *The Magistrate*, *In Chancery*, and *The Schoolmistress*, while *His House in Order* has been revived for a special charity matinee. Sir Arthur Pinero was also the author of a short wordless play, *Monica's Blue Boy*, for which Sir Frederic Cowen wrote the music and which was produced in the later part of 1918.

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THE MOTOR-LORRY'S VICTIM

'Lucio,' who greatly brightens the columns of the Manchester *Guardian*, recently suffered one of the common catastrophes of the streets. He gives vent to his injured feelings in lines 'On being splashed from top to bottom by a motor-lorry': —

For one wild moment all was red,
And I was mud from toe to head;
Then, as I scraped myself, I said: —

'O driver and that stoker pup,
Who filled for me this bitter cup,
I hope your beastly thing blows up!

'I hope you get a skid that wrecks
The whole machine and clears the decks;
I hope you break your wicked necks!

'I hope that vengeance, stern and just,
May fall on all concerned; I trust
The firm that owns the thing goes bust.

'I hope its trade is dead as dead,
I hope that bankruptcy 's ahead;
I hope its chairman begs his bread!

'I also hope the fates may bring
Within this ruin's widening ring
The firm that made and sold the thing.

'I hate the bus, I hate its crew,
Its owners, makers, hirers, too;
I hate them all, I do, I do!

'And nothing that is bad can be
Too bad in any small degree
For those who splashed this mud on me!'

By this the thing was out of sight;
However, I perceived a slight
Improvement in my wretched plight.

MRS. MEYNELL'S NEW ESSAYS

Mrs. Alice Meynell's new book of essays, *The Second Person Singular*, is proving an agreeable diversion to British reviewers, who, so far, have written of it only in terms of the highest praise. Her subjects range from the grammatical form which gives the title to one essay and the volume, to regrets at the passing of 'Superfluous Kings,' and such half-forgotten poets as Beddoes, Darley, and Sydney Dobell. The historian Gibbon is severely censured as the first parent of Micawber, but Mrs. Meynell's attack is directed not so much against Gibbon himself as against the 'corrupt following' who 'set the fashion of an animated strut of style — a strut that was animated in his day and soon grew inanimate, as the original authentic Gibbon never does.'

Of Jane Austen's novels she observes: —

No one who has not read *Pride and Prejudice* and *Emma* is able to say that he knows worldliness in its own proper home. There, 'engaging the general good opinion of surrounding acquaintance' (the mouthful of thick words!) worldliness keeps its dowdy and hopeless state and ceremony. There is, in almost every second page of Miss Austen, a detestable thing called, in the language of the day, 'consequence.' No slang of our own time, by the way, has ever misused a word more foolishly. To 'consequence,' and to the heroine's love of it, is promptly sacrificed all that might have seemed the beginnings or suggestions of spirituality. There is more that is spiritual in the heroines of to-day — in the 'female animal' herself — than in Anne, in Harriet, in Jane, in Fanny, or in any other of the young women who gossip through the pages of these famous novels. The men gossip, too; they are minutely occupied with the engagements, colds, arrowroot, tea-parties, and correspondence of the women.

Of Jane Austen's lack of tenderness she says: —

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The lack of tenderness and of spirit is manifest in Miss Austen's indifference to children. They hardly appear in her stories except to illustrate the folly of their mothers. They are not her subjects as children; they are her subjects as spoilt children, and as children through whom a mother may receive flattery from her designing acquaintance, and may inflict annoyance on her sensible friends. The novelist even spends some of her irony upon a little girl of three. She sharpens her pen over the work. The passage is too long to quote, but the reader may refer to *Sense and Sensibility*. In this coldness or dislike Miss Austen resembles Charlotte Brontë.

Mr. C. Lewis Hynd, in a lively review in the *Observer*, pictures the disastrous results wrought within his own domestic circle by the advent of this too, too charming volume: —

This little book of one hundred and forty pages came to me by the first post. I put down the morning paper (Ireland and Washington could wait), cut the leaves, and read a passage here and there twice, even thrice, for this author packs her thought, hides it, like the mystical poets, from the roving eye; yet when once understood, so clear. Then your life is richer.

Leaf after leaf I cut, clause after clause I fixed upon with something akin to literary ecstasy; and I remembered how, in past years, all this had happened before, each time Mrs. Meynell had published a small book of essays, or a small book of poems. These trim volumes were like single pearls of price hidden in the vast cargoes of other literary jewels, many of them brilliant and good to look at, some of them also of price, but none quite like the pearls, so rare, so few offered by this author.

While I was dipping, determining to spend the day over this book of essays, even if I lost touch for twelve hours with Mr. de Valera's Celtic wistfulness to get everything, and Sir James Craig's granite determination to give nothing, suddenly Belinda said — 'Why do you look so happy this morning? What are you reading?'

'Mrs. Meynell's new volume,' I answered; 'the first essay is called "Superfluous Kings," and the last is called "The Second Person Singular," and I'll wager you a new coffee-pot, the kind with the glass retorts, that nothing finer, nothing that stirs the imagination and intellect more, has been written this year.'

'Give me the book,' said Belinda. I relinquished it. Married life is like that.

And the coffee got colder, and the toast tough, and the cat pawed at the bacon.

❦

THE ASCENT OF MT. KILIMANJARO

Mt. Kilimanjaro, the highest mountain in Africa, has for the first time been conquered by British mountaineers, although during the German régime in Tanganyika Territory (German East Africa), where it is situated, there were several ascents. The leader of the expedition, which consisted entirely of British colonial officials, was Mr. C. Gillman, district engineer of the Tanganyika Railways, who thus describes the last stages of the ascent: —

Although 'hill-disease' had commenced to trouble most of us, we four white men and two natives were ready for the final rush at 2.30 A.M. on October 19. The weather, under a bright moon, was glorious, and hard work soon made us forget our comfortable and warm sleeping-bags, in spite of the fact that an ice-cold wind was blowing from the glaciers above us, with the thermometer standing at 7 deg. below freezing-point. Unfortunately, the lack of oxygen in the rarefied atmosphere affected most of our party sooner than anticipated, and, although everyone fought bravely, exhaustion forced Miller and Dundas, as well as the two natives, to give up the attempt at altitudes varying from 16,000 to 18,500 feet. Nason and I, although several times near the point of despair, continued the grim fight against Nature over shingle slopes ever increasing in steepness, until we finally reached the hard blue ice of Ratzel Glacier, over which progress became somewhat easier, though the cutting of steps with the ice-axe was an additional burden to our hardworking hearts and lungs.

At last, at 9.40 A.M., after seven hours of toil and suffering, we stood on the rim of the

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mighty ice-filled crater at an altitude of 19,600 feet. The exhausted state of my only remaining companion did not permit of a further advance over rather rough ice in the direction of the point which Dr. Meyer's observations have fixed as the highest. But as the 'top' of Kibo is an almost horizontally cut-off obtuse cone, it is really immaterial at what point of the crater-rim it is reached. The Union Jack was hoisted on a needle-shaped rock protruding from the surrounding armor of ice, at a point where the German climbers, succeeding Dr. Meyer, had deposited their cards. Many photographs of the crater and its icy walls were taken, the altitude determined by boiling-point observation, and after a stay of nearly one and one half hours in the wonderful solitude, 10,000 feet above an endless sea of clouds, we returned to the cave in a little less than two hours, sliding joyfully down over the shingle slopes, which had been so severe a trial during the ascent.

I may mention that a comparison of the actual extent of the glacier cap with that indicated on Dr. Meyer's excellent photographs of 1889 and 1898 proves beyond doubt that a considerable shrinkage of the ice, especially on the southeast, east, and north side of Kibo, has taken place during the last twenty to thirty years.

The mountain, a giant extinct volcano, rising in height to 19,720 feet was first climbed in 1889 by Dr. Hans Meyer in company with L. Purtscheller, the famous Alpine climber. During the last twenty-five years the mountain has been climbed but seven times, on each occasion by Germans. The British explorers found that the ice cap of the mountain has perceptibly receded since the first observations were made by Dr. Meyer.

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ALBERT COATES: AN ENGLISH CONDUCTOR IN AMERICA

THE visit of Mr. Albert Coates, conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra, to the United States, is described by Mr. Robin H. Legge in the *Daily Telegraph* as a veritable musical embassy to the United States. Mr. Legge hopes that the awakening American interest in British music will be partly satisfied and still further stimulated by the London conductor's visit.

The British critic has a high opinion of his country's modern composers, for he writes: —

It is due to Albert Coates to demonstrate the superior excellence of our music on which so much of our taste is based. I need hardly say that I myself have never been in doubt as to the superior value of the musical output of to-day in this country. There is infinitely more vitality, more genuine activity, more sincerity, and a greater freedom from cliqueism and other pernicious 'isms' than elsewhere just now. Of that I am quite convinced. A country the composers of which are led by an Elgar, who though older in years than most of his creative colleagues, is yet as young mentally and musically as any of them, a country that has such creative musicians as Arnold Bax, Arthur Bliss, John Ireland, Vaughan Williams, Josef Holbrooke, Eugene Goossens, Gustave Holst, Frederick Delius, and so on and so forth, can well be expected to hold its own in any company or country.

It is well that we should prove ourselves, and it is well that our musical ambassador should be Albert Coates. Incidentally I hope I am breaking no secret when I say that one of the American conductors referred to above was insistent that Coates should bring as much as possible of the more recent English music to the U.S.A., in order that it might be heard by them no less than by others in its most just aspect.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

Coppard, A. E. *Adam and Eve and Pinch Me.* Waltham St. Lawrence, Berkshire, (England): The Golden Cockerel Press, 4*s.* 6*d.* New York: Knopf.

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von Huldermann, Bernhard. *Albert Ballin.* Oldenburg und Berlin: Gerhard Stalling. 1922.

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